THE
Generous Rivals:
OR,
LOVE
TRIUMPHANT.
A
NOVEL.

Res eſt ſoliciti plena Timoris Amor.

Ovid.

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B

THE

Generous Rivals,

OR

Love Triumphant.

I SHALL not trouble you with the ſplendid Titles of our Heroin's Anceſtors; nor attempt to recount the ſeveral Marks of Dignity in their Scutcheons; but content my ſelf with acquainting you, that both her Father and Mother, were of a genteel Extract: And made it their continu'd Study, whilſt they liv'd, to qualify their Daughter, to keep up to the Character. It were needleſs alſo to amuſe you with a Recital of the indul-

gent Affection her Father bore Her; and the various impulsive Fore-Bodeings her Mother had, of her being to act some extraordinary Part; with abundance of other such curious Remarks which are generally made, the better to grace an Introduction of this Kind. Neither shall I Essay to warm your Imagination, by an elaborate Description of her many personal Perfections: But let it suffice, only to inform you, that she was Beauteous enough to attract the Affections of most of the adjacent Youths of any Character, and Witty enough so to manage her Charms, as to fix some endearing Ideas of her extraordinary Merits, on the Minds of all that saw her; and leave the following Pages to expatiate on the Rest of her Character.

No sooner had Time usher'd in the Fifteenth Year of her Age, but Heaven, for wise Ends, known to its self only, depriv'd her in the Space of one Month, of both her Parents; and thereby at once gave her the unhappy Appellation of

of Orphan, and her Unkle the Deſpotic One of Guardian. This ſhocking Stroke made ſuch ſenſible, and accute Impreſſions on her Mind, for almoſt a whole Year following: That ſhe wholly abandon'd all Company, and ſeem'd inclin'd to Nothing, but the ſeveral Entertainments of a Recluſe. All poſſible Endeavours were made to divert this her ſolitary Temper, both by her Unkle, and all her Intimates; but their utmoſt Arts prov'd all fruſtrate, 'till Time began by leiſure Degrees, to erace the melancholly Ideas of her Misfortunes out of her Mind.

Luna having undergone Twelve diſtinct Mutations, and Cuſtom calling for her Diſcharge of her Sable: She began with her Cloaths, to reſume by little, and little, her wonted Gaiety of Temper, and in ſhort time became ſuch an abſolute Artiſt in the Politic's of *Cupid*, as to gain the unanimous Admiration of the Male, and univerſal Envy of her own Sex. She appear'd ſo every way Lovely in the Eye of the One; and ſo

I know not how, worthy to be found fault with by the Other; that ſhe was a continu'd Subject for Converſation to all about her.

Dorinda finding her ſelf ſo unverſally carreſs'd, quickly made thoſe Advantages of her Circumſtances, as is common to her Sex; and ſo artfully manag'd her Eyes, that with the greateſt Facility imaginable ſhe made all the Fools her Slaves, and Wiſe-men her Fools, within Sight of her. Go where you wou'd, *Dorinda* was the Theme; if there was any Airs at a Ball, peculiarly graceful, 'twas like *Dorinda*; was there any Part in a Play, more than ordinary ingaging, 'twas like *Dorinda*. Where-ever ſhe went, ſhe ſeem'd to command Reſpect; and all about her appear'd to have no other Notion of Happineſs, but by being ſome Way or other ſerviceable to her. Here was One, ſtriving to invert Nature, and his Brains gingling like ſo many Bells; curſing (inſtead of invoking) the Muſes, for not thruſting elegant Nonſenſe enough

nough into his Pate, to make a Panegyric: There another wracking Conſcience, turning Occaſional Conformiſt, any thing but Honeſt, to get Money enough to barter with her Unkle, knowing if his Money did not, his Merits wou'd never recommend him. In fine, to gain her Favour, was eſteem'd the *Summum bonum*, by all the Young *Cyprians* round her; and all they did, or thought, was no otherways good or reaſonable, than as it conduc'd to the gaining of her good Opinion.

Her Unkle ſtrictly obſerving the Crowd of Suitors, that were continually making their Addreſſes to his Neice; ſoon began (with a Temper common to Old-Age) to think of ſome Meaſures, that might turn this to his own Intereſt, and thereupon immediately began to weigh, not the Merits, but Advantages her ſeveral Sparks had in Fortune, above each Other; and finding the Reaſons of this Kind, abundantly turn the Ballance, in Favour of *Phylaſtratus*, a Young Gentleman, who had enter'd

the Liſt of *Dorinda*'s Admirers, preſently concluded her his Property, and caſhier'd, without any further Conſideration, all the Reſt.

Phylaſtratus, not inſenſible of the Advantage he had gain'd, immediately made his Addreſſes to *Dorinda*, with all the Gallantry and Exaltedneſs of Mien, which is peculiar to the Politeſt Gentlemen of the Age, and was receiv'd by her, with an Air of Complaiſance, ſo uncommonly Graceful; as at once made him paſſionately deſire her Favour, and admire her Prudence. Her Carriage was in its every Part, ſo free from the common Affectation of her Sex; and her Converſe ſo much rais'd above their uſual Impertinences; ſo ingagingly expreſive of the moſt exalted Modeſty, and yet, ſo wholly void of all Caprice; that it at once diſcharg'd her of both thoſe common Imputations upon the Ladies, too eaſy Fondneſs, or imperious Incivility.

Whilſt *Phylaſtratus* thus repeatedly continu'd his Viſits to *Dorinda*, Old

Vulpone

Vulpone, her Unkle, inceſſantly imploy'd his Thoughts upon ſome Methods of advancing his Bags; and to that end took all Opportunities, largely to inculcate what an extraordinary Zeal he had imploy'd in the Intereſt of him; particularly urging the Pains he had taken to ingratiate him into his Neice's Favour, not forgetting eſpecially to give him ſome ſhrew'd Hints of the many, and great Gratuities; thoſe he had deny'd upon his Account, offer'd him for a like Freedom of Acceſs.

Phylaſtratus eaſily gueſſing, what *Vulpone* drove at, by Haranges of this Nature; and having a Fortune that rais'd him above the Want, as well as a Mind too generous to deſire any thing that *Dorinda*'s Fortune cou'd furniſh him with, of that Nature; ſoon gave Him ſuch guilded Indications, that he wou'd not be ungrateful in that Kind, as riveted his avaritious Soul intirely to his Intereſt.

Having thus fully ſatisfied *Vulpone*, and repeated his Addreſſes, now for the

ſpace of a whole Month, and finding *Dorinda* return'd even his greateſt Aſſiduities, in no other manner, than by facetious Perverſions, and Punctilious Ceremonies: He began to have ſome little Uneaſineſs at the Inconſiderableneſs of his Progreſs; and being of a Soul too Maſculine, and exalted, to be Coxcomb Couchant, to Beauty Rampant; communicated the whole Matter to *Panaretus*, a Young Gentleman, his particular Intimate (who had made him privy to an Affair of his of the ſame Nature, a little before) and deſir'd his Advice in the Matter.

Panaretus having fully weigh'd the Account, *Phylaſtratus* had given him of his Amour, and being by his Acquaintance with him, ſufficiently prepoſſeſs'd with a favourable Opinion of his Merits, immediately imputed *Dorinda*'s ſeeming Declining of his Suit, to be the Effect of the common Caprice of her Sex; and therefore bid him baniſh all Doubts in the Matter, and not fear, his Endeavours being crown'd with a Succeſs equal to, even

even to the utmoſt of his Wiſhes: Adding, that if he cou'd have the Honour to ſee her, he did not doubt making ſuch Diſcoveries, as wou'd afford him an intire Satisfaction.

Phylaſtratus being thus animated by his Friend, promis'd the next time he paid a Viſit to his Miſtreſs, he ſhou'd accompany him, deſiring him to make the utmoſt Remarks of her Carriage he poſſibly cou'd; and to omit nothing that the moſt induſtrious Sagacity cou'd contribute to gain Intelligence of her Inclinations. *Panaretus* promis'd to be ſtrictly obſervant of his Inſtructions; and accordingly fixt a Time to attend him, to reduce them to Practice; and ſoon after went with him to pay her Unkle a Viſit, with a Mind wholly reſolv'd to uſe all poſſible Arts to recommend his Friend.

Vulpone receiv'd them with all the ſlaviſh Obeſequiouſneſs that is common to Souls of a mercenary and abject Nature; and knowing, (tho' he was the Pretence, his Neice's Company

was the thing desir'd) immediately convey'd them both into her Appartment, there leaving them, true *Pandar* like, to make their own Apology.

No sooner were they enter'd, but the Room disply'd the agreeable Scene of *Dorinda*, and her Maid *Isabella*, at the Exercise of their Needle. Their sudden Appearance gave some little Surprize to *Dorinda*, and caus'd such a plentiful Effusion of the Rose all over her Face, as gave an engaging Lustre to her native Beauties: But Education, and her natural Sweetness of Temper having rais'd her above being, at any time, guilty of any Incivility: She soon resum'd her usual Sweetness of Address, and after common Ceremonies had pass'd, desir'd them to sit down; with which they both very readily comply'd.

Being seated, *Phylastratus* told her, "his Friend *Panaretus* and he, coming "by her House, immediately ingag'd "in Dispute about her, and as was "very common amongst Disputants; they

"they had carry'd the Conteſt ſo "far as to render it impoſſible to "bring it to an Iſſue, without an "Appeal to a Third Perſon; and "after a ſhort Debate had agreed ſhe "ſhou'd give the deciſive Sentence. *Dorinda* reply'd, "She was not old "enough ſhe thought for a Judge, or "at leaſt ſhe was very ambitious; and "therefore did not think it worth her "while to interpoſe in ſo inconſiderable "a Subject, as ſhe found they were in-"gag'd in; adding, that if ſhe ever "took upon her, that awful Poſt, "it ſhou'd be in a Matter of "ſome Importance, and not in any "thing that had Relation to ſuch a "ſimple inſignificant Girl, as *Dorin-*"*da*; who was fit, only to exerciſe "the Levity of a Buffoon; but cou'd "never be thought a proper Imploy-"ment for the Debates of one that bore "ſo auguſt a Name, as that of Judge. *Panaretus* finding his Comrade ſo wittily rally'd by his Miſtreſs; ſaid, "As to "the Diſpute, mention'd by *Phylaſtratus*,

"he

" he did not much inſiſt on't, but he " verily thought the ſeeing and hear- " ing of her, wou'd commence ſuch a " ſort of Debate between them, as all " their preceeding Friendſhip wou'd " not be able to put an end to. I am " not (ſaid he) ſo ſtupidly inſenſible of " the moſt exalted Felicity this lower " Orb can produce, not to know that " there is ſomething in every Part of a " Lady like *Dorinda*, that deſerves a " Conteſt; and therefore *Phylaſtratus* " will have no great Reaſon to be ſur- " priz'd if a Platonick Flame be ſuper- " ceeded by another of ſuperiour Force, " at moſt he might blame his own Fol- " ly, for giving the Temptation.——I " am not ſo unacquainted (anſwer'd *Do-* " *rinda*, interrupting him) with the " natural Gallantry of *Phylaſtratus*, as " not eaſily to infer, that One who " has contracted ſo particular an Inti- " macy with him (as you, Sir, I find " have done) has a large Share of the " ſame Qualities, and therefore I am " not much ſurpriz'd, to find my ſelf

" accoſted

" accoſted with ſo many Aulicisms;
" but yet, methinks I can't but make
" this Complaint (my whole Sex being
" really concern'd in it) that ſo much
" Wit, and Eloquence, ſhou'd always be
" imploy'd by you Young Gentlemen,
" in the Ladies Company, purely to
" render us more vain; and conſe-
" quently, more contemptable Crea-
" tures than even Heaven it ſelf
" deſign'd us. *Phylaſtratus* going to make reply, was interrupted by *Valpone*, who agreeable to preceeding Appointment, call'd him out, telling him he wanted to ſpeak with him.

Panaretus being thus abandon'd by his Companion, and left alone with *Dorinda*, eaſily apprehended his Buſineſs; and therefore us'd all the Art he was Maſter of, to introduce ſome Diſcourſe with her, about *Phylaſtratus*; telling her they were School-Fellows, and not forgetting (with a ſeeming Indifference of Air) to inform her of the bright Aſcendancy he ſoon gain'd over the reſt of his Fellow *Pupils*, in all the ſeveral Parts

Parts of uſeful Learning, artfully recounting the many little Intriegues of their Juvenile Years, in which *Phylaſtratus* was ſure to be repreſented, as acting ſome Part, which wou'd neceſſarily afford Matter for Encomium. In fine, his Generoſity, Wit, Education, and all that *Panaretus*, cou'd think Praiſe worthy, was ſet off, with all the Beauty and Grace, that Wit, Eloquence, and Friendſhip, cou'd poſſibly dictate to him; and nothing was omitted that cou'd contribute, to convey the moſt Beautiful Ideas of his Perfections into her Mind.

Dorinda finding herſelf ſo generouſly harangu'd by *Panaretus*, in Behalf of his Friend, was ſo ſenſibly impreſs'd by the Charms of his Elocution, and found the uſual Pregnancy of her Wit, ſo unaccountably retarded, as render'd her wholly incapable, of returning him any other Anſwer, than Bluſhes, and broken and inarticulate Expreſſions. The various Beauties of his Rehetoric, and the winning Accents of his Tongue had

had ſuch a ſtrange aſcendancy over all her Faculties, and caus'd ſuch violent Emotions, and Perturbations in her Breaſt; as perfectly manacl'd the wonted Vivacity of her *Genius*, and render'd her utmoſt endeavours, unable to hide her Diſorder. Under this unaccuſtom'd Perplexity, ſhe found her ſelf in a perfect Laborinth; wholly unable to ſpeak, and yet not knowing well how to be ſilent: But being apprehenſive, *Panaretus* wou'd take Cognizance of the Concern ſhe was under, ſhe rally'd her utmoſt Power to carry it off, and finding her ſelf altogether, incapable to hide it, intreated him not to take it amiſs, that ſhe did not ſeem to give that Attendance to what he had ſaid, it merited, becauſe ſhe was taken at preſent ſomething ill, and deſir'd him further to excuſe her retiring out of the Room; and accordingly ſhe retir'd.

Panaretus having ſtrictly obſerv'd the many Changes in *Dorinda*'s Countenance, during his Diſcourſe with her; conſtru'd it all in Favour of his Friend

Phy-

Phylaſtratus, and mightily delighted himſelf with the Satisfaction, the Account of his Proceedings, wou'd afford him. He imputed all the Diſorder in her Looks, and Abruptneſs in her Words, to be the Effect of the Mention of *Phylaſtratus*'s Name, and the preſent Illneſs ſhe ſeem'd to be ſeized with, the Reſult only, of a ſort of Tranſport, to find Another have the ſame Senſe of his Perfections, as her ſelf. In ſhort, his Mind was ſo fully poſſeſs'd with a noble Simpathy in what he thought wou'd conduce to the Happineſs of his Friend; that he was quite impatient 'till he had an Opportunity to give him (as he thought) a grateful Account of his Management.

On the other ſide, *Dorinda* having, after her leaving *Panaretus*, lockt her ſelf up in her Cloſet, found the Commotion he had rais'd in her Breaſt ſtill continue, and ſuch a Miſcellany of Pleaſure and Pain, attend the Reflection upon what had paſs'd between Them, as render'd her utmoſt Reſolution too

weak

weak to encounter, and repel it. There was ſomething within her, that pleaded with ſuch irreſiſtable Oratory, in Favour of *Panaretus*, and dreſs'd up his every Part in ſuch beautiful, and ingaging Forms, as made her Imagination unable to forbear making Inlargements upon him. The Sprightlineſs of his Mien, the Pregnancy, and yet, unaffectedneſs of his Wit, the ſincere and generous Zeal he ſhow'd for his Friend, with the numerous Crowd of his other excellent Qualities, made ſuch indelible Impreſſions on her Soul, as put her under an impoſſibility of ceaſing to think on him. She found her ſelf, by I know not what fatal Neceſſity, forc'd to lodge him with a more than common Kindneſs, in her Breaſt, and her Heart, in Contempt of all Oppoſition, wou'd declare him Welcome. He appear'd ſo tranſcendantly exalted above the reſt of Mankind, and they, when oppoſs'd to him, even in their moſt ſhining Qualifications, ſo ſtrangely dull and inſipid, that ſhe cou'd not but think on,

on, and thinking on, love and admire him. His obliging Addreſs perfectly riveted her Soul to the Contemplation of him, and the many Beauties of his Converſe monopoliz'd her whole Thoughts.

Whilſt *Panaretus* and *Dorinda* were thus differently affected with what had paſs'd between them: *Vulpone* was very buſily employ'd, in telling *Phylaſtratus* how Zealous he had been in his Service, ſaying he had omitted no endeavours to advance his Intereſt with his Neice; and that *Phylaſtratus* might not be Inſenſible of the many mighty things he had done for him, Enumerated all the particulars of his Converſe with *Dorinda*, and mention'd every thing that had paſs'd, tho' never ſo Triffling, and Impertinent: 'Till *Phylaſtratus* quite tir'd with the tediouſneſs of his Ignorance, and under the moſt eager deſire of knowing how *Panaretus* had manag'd matters with *Dorinda*; told him, he thought it now high time, to go and give *Panaretus*

and

and *Dorinda* a Viſit, and thereupon roſe and went immediately to the Room where he left *Dorinda*, and his Correſpondent *Panaretus*.

Coming into the Room and finding *Dorinda* gone, and *Panaretus* ſitting in a muſing Poſture, he Smil'd and ſaid, "So *Panaretus*, you're abandon'd by the "Lady I find: I fancy your Embaſſy "has not been attended with that Suc- "ceſs you had conceiv'd of it. You "have the priviledge of Laughing I "confeſs, (anſwer'd *Panaretus*) becauſe "you have Won. Won! (cry'd *Phy-* "*laſtratus*) what Pray? A Prize ſaid "*Panaretus*, I fear will make you Co- "veteous. In ſhort *Phylaſtratus*, I "won't ſay a Word more except you "Hire me. I never took you to be "Mercenary before; (ſaid *Phylaſtratus*) "But prithee tell me, what did She "ſay? Say! (anſwer'd *Panaretus*) no- "thing. She Sigh'd, Bluſh'd, fell Sick at "the bare mention of your Name; and "I'll ſwear, made as pretty a Victim to "the little God as ever you ſaw. De-

"pend

" pend on't She Loves you. Does She?
" ſaid *Phylaſtratus*, then I'll Love Her,
" and upon other Conditions, was *Hel-*
" *len* her ſelf my Miſtreſs, I wou'd
" not ſpend an Irkſome Thought a-
" bout Her. But yet when all is done,
" thou haſt a ſtrange Faculty *Panaretus*
" of making the Ladies Bluſh, where-
" ever you go: For my Part, the ut-
" moſt Range of Fancy I was Maſter
" of ever ſince I knew Her, never had
" that Effect; if there was any Bluſh-
" ing, I'll ſwear 'twas on my ſide, to
" find my ſelf always ſo Wittily Baffl'd,
" even at my own Weapons, by one we
" Pride our ſelves, in calling of the weak-
" er Sex. I found ſomething in Her
" Genius, ſo particularly Nimble, that
" let me do what I wou'd, I cou'd ne're
" be quick enough for it. She'd Anti-
" cipate my very Thoughts, and An-
" ſwer me before I ſpoke. Lovers
" you know (reply'd *Panaretus*) are al-
" ways Blind, and therefore 'tis no
" wonder, Her Bluſhes were not percep-
" tible to you. You was always under

" too

"too much diſorder your ſelf, to be "capable of making any Diſcoveries "in Her. You're a ſad Fellow, *Pana-* "*retus*, (ſaid *Phylaſtratus*) I ſhall ſee "you ſome time or other again with "your *Celia*, and then! Aye then, "(anſwer'd *Panaretus*) you'll ſee me as "Blind as you are. Was it not for that "only Conſideration, I think verily I "ſhould endeavour, to Rival you. Upon which, *Phylaſtratus* looking upon his Watch, ſaid 'twas paſt Ten a Clock: So they agreed to call *Iſabella*, and order her to preſent both of their humble Services to her Miſtreſs, and tell her, they wiſh'd her a good Repoſe. *Iſabella* agreeable to their Deſire, informing *Dorinda* they were going, She bid her tell them ſhe wou'd come to them immediately; and accordingly appear'd, and bid Them both good Night.

Having thus parted with *Dorinda* and her Unkle, *Panaretus* gave his Friend a thorough Account of his Conferrence with Her: Telling him he thought all

all the Circumſtances of it, ſeem'd to Concur to his Advantage, and if the making *Dorinda* his Bride, was the thing he deſir'd, he did not doubt ſeeing it Effected in a reaſonable Time; bidding him have ſome Regard to the Proverb, and not let the want of Courage above all things be charg'd upon him. *Phylaſtratus* being thus Encourag'd by his Friend's Relation, told him he ſhou'd take an Opportunity very ſoon, of Acting agreeable to his Advice.

Accordingly, next Day he went to pay *Dorinda* a Viſit, and to his Surprize, found her ſtrangely chang'd in Her Countenance. The wonted ſprightlineſs of her Mien, was apparantly eſtrang'd, and her every Part carry'd with it, ſome evident Symtoms of inward Diſcontent. There was a ſort of ſecret Inquietude, which diſplay'd it ſelf in all She did or ſaid, and tho' She made her utmoſt Efforts, She could not poſſibly hide her Diſorder. Her Face was one continu'd Scene of Revolution: And there ſeem'd a ſort of Emulation between

tween the *Roſe* and *Lilly*, which ſhou'd moſt diſcover her Concern. The Lovely Idea, She had Form'd of *Panaretus*'s Perfections, had ſo ſtrangely depreſs'd the native Briskneſs of her Diſpoſition, that She cou'd not ſo much as appear Chearful. *Phylaſtratus* obſerving "the Perplexity *Dorinda* was in, ask'd "her whether She was well? No "Sir, ſaid She I am not very well. I "wiſh Madam, he reply'd, it lay in my "Power to make you well; ſo do I too, anſwer'd She, but that's Impoſſible.

Phylaſtratus finding himſelf Anſwer'd, with this Melancholy ſort of Ambiguty of Expreſſion by *Dorinda*, continu'd the Diſcourſe with all the Art He poſſibly cou'd; uſing all the little Turns of Whim and Fancy he cou'd think on, to gain Intelligence of the Cauſes of her preſent viſible Alteration; 'till finding all his Endeavours fail him, and all her Anſwers, if they carry'd any thing of her uſual Chearfulneſs in them, purely, the Effect of a kind of forc'd and penſive Civility; he bethought himſelf to make

make mention of *Panaretus*, "Telling "her that he ſaw him juſt before he "came to her, and that he Preſſingly "deſir'd him to preſent his humble Ser- "vice to her. The ſo unexpected men- tion of *Panaretus*'s Name, immediate- ly caus'd a very viſible Emotion in her Breaſt, and the ſeveral changes in her Countenance, ſoon made *Phylaſtratus* diſcover, ſhe had a more than Com- mon Regard to him. The very ſound of it, bore ſuch ſweet Harmony with her Heart, that ſhe was no longer able to hide the Evidences of her inward diſtur- bance, from appearing in her Looks; nor *Phylaſtratus*, who ſtrictly remark'd her carriage, any more to ſeek for the Cauſe of her Diſorder.

Having by this odd turn, gain'd ſuch an unexpected Intelligence of her In- clinations: He immediately reſolv'd to Diſemble his having any Apprehen- ſion of the Matter, that he might have the better Opportunity of knowing all Paſſages, that he cou'd not but foreſee, wou'd be very extraordinary in this Affair.

Affair. *Panaretus* he knew to be Pre-ingag'd, and therefore he immediately acquitted him of all Treachery in the Caſe: And being as we before obſerv'd of a Soul, truely Noble, and Maſculine, he reſolv'd, ſince he found ſhe had Thoughts of another, not to be Concern'd about her. But knowing *Panaretus* to be of an Exalted and Generous Nature, he cou'd not diſcharge himſelf from the Curioſity, of endeavouring to know how he wou'd Act in the Matter. He therefore never gave *Panaretus* the leaſt Intimations, of what he had obſerv'd; but perſwaded him two or three times to Accompany him in his Viſits to *Dorinda*, (which he continu'd as before) thereby getting repeated Confirmations of the reality, of what he had before obſerv'd.

Whilſt *Phylaſtratus* had thus for above a Month, taken Cogniſance of the concern *Dorinda* was under, without her in the leaſt ſuſpecting it; ſhe found the Effects of the Paſſion ſhe had conceiv'd for *Panaretus*, ſo Raging, and

Impetuous, as made her in Contempt of all the common Sentiments of her Sex: Reſolve ſome way or other to Communicate it to him. It is impoſſible to expreſs the infinite Perplexity ſhe was under, before ſhe cou'd come to this Reſolution. The Extravagancy of the Attempt appear'd to her, in ſo many frightful Forms, that ſhe knew not how to Face them. For her, who had ſo often been ſu'd to, even for the leaſt favourable Aſpect, by the moſt exalted Young Gentlemen of the Age: Now her ſelf to Sue, this was terrible, beyond all Conception to her Soul! No Language can here deſcribe the Convulſive Agonies of her Mind! But Affection having by repeated Strugles, violently bore down all Oppoſition. At laſt, with a Mind wholly, as it were given up to Deſperation, and Regardleſs of what e're might be the Conſequence, after ſhe had Lock'd her ſelf up cloſe in her Cloſet, took her Pen, and gave vent to her Paſſion in the following Lines.

Sir,

SIR,

BE not ſurpriz'd, if the Repoſe I put in your Generoſity, over rules the common Notions of my Sex: And makes me in Contempt both of them, and Cuſtom, Let this Paper tell you, what I had much rather, you had perceiv'd your ſelf, than I have been thus put to the Bluſh, in giving you ſuch an unuſual ſort of Intelligence; but Neceſſity has no Law. The mighty Secret even forces it ſelf to your Knowledge: And tho' happy Phylaſtratus, *has his* Panaretus *to plead for him; yet Poor* Dorinda *muſt in ſpight of all Reluctance, alone plead for her ſelf. Pitty then not only my Paſſion, but peculiar Unhappineſs: Since I am not only forc'd to Love you, but tell you of it too my ſelf. I am perſwaded you are too Generous to Triumph over my Weakneſs, and hope your Candor will excuſe the daring Boldneſs of it. Fare you well; my Mind is under too great Diſtraction, to be formal in my Concluſion. I*

am (you muſt pardon my fondneſs) your real Admirer,

Dorinda.

It is altogether needleſs to Dilate here upon the various Difficulties, ſhe found in Compoſing this Billet, and many Sheets of Gilt-Paper ſhe ſpoil'd before ſhe had compleated it; Whether ſhe Wrote it at one, or many Sittings; with abundance of other ſuch nice Impertinences. Omitting therefore all Scrutiny of this Nature; we'll trace her in the ſucceeding part of her Conduct.

Having thus by Writing, a little diſcharg'd her Breaſt of that Load of Anxiety, with which ſhe before found her ſelf ſo ſenſibly Oppreſs'd: She began next to revolve in her Mind, how to Convey this Letter into *Panaretus*'s Hands. If ſhe ſent it by the Penny-Poſt, ſhe run the Riſque of its coming into his Father's Hands, with whom he Liv'd; to ſend it by her Maid, wou'd put her under a Neceſſity of letting her into

into the Secret, and thereby Commencing her Equal. After ſome conſideration therefore, ſhe reſolv'd ſome way or other ſo to manage *Phylaſtratus*, as to make him her Meſſenger; ſo determin'd with her ſelf to take the firſt opportunity that offer'd to effect it.

Phylaſtratus renewing his Viſits to her, in his uſual Manner, and being eager to puſh Matters on to ſome Iſſue; frequently (with all the ſeeming indifference in the World) made mention of *Panaretus*, taking a ſecret Delight in Obſerving the Viciſſitudes of her Countenance, upon the leaſt and moſt indifferent Expreſſions concerning him; and always ſo artfully contriving his Subject, as to ſteal in the mention of him, in ſuch a ſeeming accidental manner, as gave her not the leaſt miſtruſt of his Deſign. So far was ſhe from having the leaſt Hints of it, that ſhe Conſtru'd this Procedure to Adminiſter a favourable Opportunity for her; and therefore the next time he began to bring in ſome Diſcourſe about him:

She diſplay'd an abundant readineſs to continue the Subject.

Phylaſtratus, finding her in ſuch a tangible Humour, ſoon made that Improvement of it, as at once Accompliſh'd both their deſires; by affording them both an Opportunity mutually to Conſumate the Plot, they had ſo Induſtriouſly Premeditated. The Diſcourſe they were enter'd on, ſeem'd ſo naturally Introductive, to what *Dorinda* deſign'd; that ſhe imagin'd Heaven it ſelf conſpir'd to Facilitate her Contrivance; and the Gaiety of her Aſpect, and Freedom of her Converſe, was ſo very extraordinary thereupon, as gave *Phylaſtratus* great Reaſon to expect ſome new Diſcoveries. Things being thus, by an odd train of Accidents brought to this Criſiſs; and he Proſecuting his Diſcourſe about *Panaretus*, amongſt many other Perfections, which he put him up as a great Maſter of, he particularly mention'd his Expertneſs at his Buſineſs. *Dorinda* having with abundance of Satisfaction, attended to what

ſhe

ſhe thought was purely an accidental Panegyric, on her belov'd *Panaretus*: Hearing him mention the Word Buſineſs, with abundance of Precipitance, "Ask'd him, what his Buſineſs was? Having as ſhe imagin'd a very advantageous Opportunity to Carry on her Plot. *Phylaſtratus* finding by the fluſh of her Face, and eagerneſs of Speaking, ſhe deſign'd to make ſome Improvements on the Word, ſo ſubtilly indulg'd her Inquiry, that he ſoon diſcover'd the very Bottom of her Intention. "His Buſineſs Madam, anſwer'd, "he is a *Lawyer*; his Father is a Coun- "cellour, and has brought him up with "him to the ſame Calling. I believe "I have ſome Affairs that lye in his "Province: (reply'd *Dorinda*, altoge- "ther unapprehenſive, of his having the "leaſt Thoughts what thoſe Affairs "were) There are ſome Writings I "have by me of my Fathers, which are "likely to cauſe a Diſpute between "me, and ſome other Legatees: I "wiſh *Panaretus* was to ſee them, be-

" cauſe he cou'd Adviſe me how to Act.
" Yes Madam, anſwer'd *Phylaſtratus*,
" no doubt on't; I'll tell him you want
" to ſpeak with him, if you pleaſe. No
" Sir, anſwer'd *Dorinda* (with a quick-
" neſs of Stratagem, for which, her
" Sex is noted.) Now I recollect a little,
" I remember the Words that Ad-
" miniſter the Matter for Conteſt, are
" very few; and ſince I have the Wri-
" tings by me in my Cloſet, I'll e'en
" Write the Words down which are
" Thought to bear a doubtful Senſe,
" and the Inferrences made from them;
" that ſo *Panaretus* may be better able
" to Judge of my Cauſe: And there-
" fore if you'll oblige me ſo far, as to
" carry me a Letter to him, I'll go im-
" mediately up into my Cloſet, and
" Write him my Caſe. *Phylaſtratus*
willing to appear, as great a Tool as
ſhe endeavour'd to make him, very
readily agreed to her Propoſal: Where-
upon ſhe immediately Retir'd, and
added the following Poſtcript to her
Letter, *viz.*

" *I*

"*I have poſſeſs'd* Phylaſtratus, *that* "*this comes about ſome Writings, in* "*which your Calling is concern'd; I hope* "*you'll have ſo great a Regard to my* "*Credit, as to humour the Matter.*

Having wrote theſe Words, and Sealed it up, She inſtantly deliver'd to *Phylaſtratus*, who promis'd punctually to deliver it into *Panaretus*'s Hands, the firſt time he ſaw him; and with a ſeeming Innocence of Expreſſion, told her, he'd take care to bring her *Panaretus*'s Opinion of her Caſe, the next time he came to give her a Viſit. Upon which parting with her, he left her infinitely pleas'd with the imaginary Succeſs of her Project.

Phylaſtratus having thus artfully gain'd *Dorinda*'s Letter into his Hands, was inflam'd with the utmoſt Curioſity, to ſee it's Contents; and having retir'd for that Purpoſe, with a very little Difficulty, got it open without any Rent in the Paper, and it being Sealed with a Wafer, was under no Concern how to cloſe it up again, without any

Diſcovery. Having then thus far effected his Deſign with Succeſs, and read the Letter over with abundance of ſteady Attention: The Exceſs of her Paſſion, therein diſclos'd, and moving Patheticneſs of her Language, at once attracted his Pitty and Admiration. It did indeed, at firſt, a little regret him, to find what a Part ſhe had allotted him; but conſidering the Violence of her Affection neceſſitated her to it, he reſolv'd, at leaſt, to ſeem quietly to acquieſce in it; and therefore ſealing up the Letter, as he before found it, determin'd to carry it, as he had promis'd, to *Panaretus*: Concluding further, if *Panaretus* did not communicate the Buſineſs to him, he wou'd proceed gravely to tell his Story, as if he was really as much a Tool, as *Dorinda* had endeavour'd to make him.

Agreeable to this Reſolution then he went to *Panaretus*, and gave him the Letter; and with all imaginable Appearance of Innocence, told his Story, as *Dorinda* had laid it; adding, that *Dorinda* deſir'd

ſir'd him to bring his Anſwer in Writing (this he ſaid, the better to get the Sight of his Anſwer to her) the firſt Opportunity, in caſe he cou'd not come to her to diſcourſe about it. *Panaretus* having heard his Story, and read *Dorinda*'s Letter, was ſtruck with the utmoſt Aſtoniſhment. The Surprize he was under, render'd him incapable of ſpeaking a Word, without Heſitation. Things appear'd to him, in every Circumſtance, ſo unaccountably extravagant, he cou'd not tell what to make of them: But after ſome Reflection, finding the Language of her Letter too piercing to be the Effect of any Trick; and that ſhe preſſingly engag'd him in it; to put a good Face on the Matter, he ſuſpended his Surprize with as much Artifice as he poſſibly cou'd; and carry'd on the Story, agreeable to the Scheme ſhe had laid him.

Phylaſtratus finding he endeavour'd to blind the Matter, correſpondent to his preceeding Determination; ſeem'd to take all he ſaid, for granted, and

ſwallow

ſwallow the Bait with all the Eaſe imaginable. He did not ſo much as break a Jeſt upon him, but gravely deſir'd him to direct *Dorinda* ſo to proceed, as might give a quick Diſpatch to the Broil ſhe was like to be engag'd in.

Panaretus ſeeing him (as he thought) ſo finely gull'd, made him as grave Returns, promiſing he wou'd conſider *Dorinda*'s Caſe with the utmoſt Attention, and either write, or go himſelf, and tell her his Opinion, very ſuddenly; and ſo parted with him, for that Time.

Phylaſtratus being gone, he went immediately to his Study, and again unfolded *Dorinda*'s Letter, ſtrictly remarking every Particle of it; reading it over and over, with the greateſt Confuſion imaginable. He found himſelf, by it, encompaſs'd with ſuch a Labyrinth of Difficulties, as run him almoſt to Diſtraction. *Phylaſtratus*, he thought for his Part, wou'd take it heniouſly ill, to be thus betray'd of his Miſtreſs. *Dorinda*, he fear'd, if ſhe found her ſelf ſlighted, wou'd be deſperate

perate: And yet, he found himſelf, on all Accounts, under an impoſſibility of making her any favourable Returns. Eſteem, reſpect, admire her he cou'd; but love her, Court her, that was not in his Power. His Soul was an utter Stranger to Falſhood; *Celia*! *Celia*! had gain'd the Precedence; ſhe was the Miſtreſs of his Vows, and the Affection that produc'd them, made them inviolably Sacred. He found himſelf attacqu'd on all Sides. The Wit, Beauty, and Affection of *Dorinda*, touch'd him with the tendereſt Senſe of Pitty; but his Faith to his Friend, his Miſtreſs, his *Celia*! cou'd not, muſt not be ſuperceeded. To grieve *Dorinda*, he was loth, very loth; but to be perfidious to his Friend, falſe to his Vows, an Apoſtate to his Affection, he cou'd not bear. He was unacquainted with our modern Notion of Wit; Villany was no accompliſhment in his Eye; nor betraying the Fair, the Mark of a Gentleman. Goodneſs and Greatneſs, to him were *Synonimous Terms*, and he cou'd not apprehend

apprehend how Veracity, which is one of the bright Perfections of the Deity, cou'd be thought a Blemiſh, when found in his Image. In this Variety of Perplexities, he found it very Difficult to determine with himſelf, how to proceed: At laſt, having weigh'd every Circumſtance, with the moſt ſerious Attention, he reſolv'd, ſteadily to adhere to his Faith, both to his Friend, and Miſtreſs; and yet, to uſe *Dorinda* with that Tenderneſs and Reſpect, as ſhou'd give her an evident Demonſtration, he did not contemn, nor ſlight her Paſſion; and thereupon took his Pen, and Wrote to her, as follows, *viz.*

MADAM,

YOU deſire an Impoſſibility. Be not ſurpriz'd! impoſſible, beyond Expreſſion; bid me invert the ſtated Courſe of Nature; diſcover all the ſecret Meanders, of Cauſes and their Effects; or (which wou'd yet advance my Labour to a greater Toil) comprehend the vaſt Extent

of

of your ſhining Qualities. *Theſe wou'd be meer Trifles, when oppos'd to ſuch a Deſire. No! Madam, my Vanity never yet tower'd ſo high. Had a Paper (carrying in every Part ſuch ſubſtantial Encomiums on its Author) been the pleaſing Entertainment of my Nocturnal Slumbers, perhaps the Oddneſs of its Circumſtances might have been paſs'd by, with a few ſuperficial Reflections of the ſucceeding Day: But when I had perſuaded my ſelf, that I was really awake (which I cou'd not ſoon do) my Mind was, it cou'd not be otherwiſe, but fill'd with the greateſt Aſtoniſhment. I cou'd not imagine, that a Lady of your exalted Endowments, plentiful Fortune, and celebrated Beauty, cou'd ever have had any Regard to One, ſo much below you: But when I view your Letter, couch'd in the Terms of Affection, you bear even to me. Pardon me Madam, if the Conſciouſneſs of my Want of Merit, makes me again recommend my particular Friend, and now your deluded Meſſenger,* Phylaſtratus, *as one whoſe ſublime* Genius, *renders him alone, fit to poſſeſs ſo vaſt a Bleſſing;*

Bleſſing; whilſt I take Pride in being admitted into the Crowd of thoſe, who eſteem themſelves happy, in ſerving you even in the meaneſt Offices: Or if my Reward muſt be commenſurate to your generous Intentions towards me; permit me to ſubſcribe my ſelf your ſincere Friend, and Admirer,

Panaretus.

P. S.

I have taken all imaginable Care to manage your Plot, in Referrence to the deluded Phylaſtratus; *tho' I muſt confeſs, if it had not been better founded by your Ingenuity, than any Conduct, in me, it had inevitably fail'd; being really ſo amaz'd in peruſing your Letter, that I cou'd ſcarce ſpeak a rational Word. That we may then carry Matters on, as we have now begun them, I wou'd deſire you to obſerve, that the Impreſſion of my* Seal, *is a* Sun-Flower, *with this Motto over it,* Tibi Soli: *This I conceive, is a likely Means to put a Cheek to any Curioſity in* Phylaſtratus, *at leaſt, will enable you to diſcover*

cover whether he has open'd it, tho' I believe you need not fear it.

Phylaſtratus, by his artful Expreſſions of Readineſs, to carry his Anſwer, having anticipated all Concern in *Panaretus*, how to convey this Letter into her Hands, he immediately reſolv'd, without any Demur in the Matter, to give it him the next time he ſaw him, to carry it to her; imagining *Dorinda* had ſo well laid the Plot, as to leave no Room for the leaſt Danger of Diſcovery.

Two or three Days having paſs'd, ſince *Phylaſtratus* had given *Dorinda*'s Letter to *Panaretus*; he thought it high time then to go to him, to ſee what Effect it had wrote upon him. And accordingly ſetting his Countenance to a pitch of Gravity, went to a *Tavern*, and ſent for *Panaretus*, who immediately came to him. Common Ceremonies having paſs'd, and Both ſeated, *Phylaſtratus* told him, "The Reaſon of his ſending for "him then was, becauſe he was going "to *Dorinda*, who, he ſuppos'd, wou'd "enquire of him, about the Writings "ſhe

" ſhe had ſent to him; and therefore " deſir'd him to inform him what An- " ſwer to make her. *Panaretus* ſtrict- ly remarking the Steadineſs of his Coun- tenance, Anſwer'd with abundance of Freedom: " That he had fully weigh'd " the Lady's Caſe, and had Wrote his " Opinion concerning it; and pulling " the Letter out of his Pocket, added, " That ſince he was going to her, he'd " get him to carry it to her. *Phylaſtra- tus* finding, what he earneſtly deſir'd to ſee, as it were forc'd into his Hands; very readily aſſented to his Propoſal, and taking the Letter from him, pro- mis'd to give it her the next Day fol- lowing; after which, having both of them Drank *Dorinda* and *Celia*'s Health, they Parted.

Phylaſtratus, having with ſo little difficulty got *Panaretus*'s Letter into his Poſſeſſion, open'd it by heating the Wax; with the greateſt Eagerneſs im- aginable. The Peruſal of it, ſo highly endear'd his Friend *Panaretus* to him, that he knew not how to forgive him- ſelf,

ſelf, of that ſeeming Act of Treachery, in preſuming to open it. He diſcover'd ſomething in it, ſo generouſly tender to *Dorinda*, and yet bore ſuch a ſublime Regard, to the Friendſhip between them, as render'd him unable to deſiſt Upbraiding himſelf, for ſo much as appearing to miſtruſt him. His Mind indeed wholly acquitted him, of having any baſe Deſign towards either *Panaretus* or *Dorinda*, but the Generous Faithfulneſs he found diſplay'd in the Letter; rais'd ſuch a Noble Emmulation in his Breaſt, that he cou'd not but think the Covertneſs of his Procedure, carry'd the Marks of ſomething Mean, and Abject in it. But that which moſt of all Affected him, was the Precaution *Panaretus* had given *Dorinda*, concerning his Seal. This was a difficulty, he did not know how to get over for a great while: Shou'd it be Seal'd with any other Impreſſion, he readily foreſaw, he ſhou'd be Detected; to get *Panaretus*'s Seal from him, was altogether Impracticable:

The

The bare mention of it to him, being likely to raiſe his Jealouſy. At laſt, he reſolv'd to go to an *Engraver*, and get him to Cut him the ſame Device upon another Seal, as was on *Panaretus*'s: And thereupon, going to an Ingenious Artificer of that kind, ſoon gave him ſuch a Deſcription of it, as render'd him Capable of ſupplying him with ſuch another.

Having by this Aſſiſtance, ſufficiently furniſh'd himſelf for the Concealment of his Plot; he quickly reſum'd freſh Reſolutions (notwithſtanding his preceeding remorſe) of looking into all the Letters that ſhou'd paſs between them, if they came to his Hands; and uſing his little Imployment to make an Impreſſion Poſted to *Dorinda*'s with the Letter, with full purpoſe to uſe his utmoſt Endeavours to worm her out of another Letter, in Anſwer to it, by all poſſible Methods, that were Compatible to the Covertneſs of his Deſign.

Being thus Equip'd, and Reſolv'd; he

he ſoon made ſuch Advances in his Steps, as brought him quickly to *Vulpone's* Door, and by one ſingle wrap gain'd Admittance, and a tedious Welcome from the Old Man; who was ſo full of his Congratulations, that he cou'd not conceive where he wou'd end. No ſooner was he enter'd, but he Saluted him with an, "Oh! *Phy-*
"*laſtratus*, Matters goe rarely now;
"why there are ſo many Various, Sun-
"dry, Divers, and Manifold Alterati-
"ons in my Neice of late, that 'twill
"make you ſtare when you hear them.
"Ay! you are a Wagg, a very Wagg,
"I find; you know how to touch the
"Ladies in the right Part: For my
"part, I thought the Girl wou'd have
"run Mad with asking after you; I
"told you I'd do my uttermoſt, and
"Addads! ſhe begins to come to a-
"main. You ſhan't be in her Com-
"pany now ſcarcely Half an Hour;
"but preſently, ſhe's wondring you
"han't been here; and if at any time
"ſhe's been out any where, the firſt
"Queſtion

"Queſtion *Iſabella* is ask'd, is, whether "*Phylaſtratus* has been here. The Old Gentleman continu'd his Story in this manner for a conſiderable Time: Taking abundance of Pains to let *Phylaſtratus* underſtand, that this Alteration in *Dorinda*, was partly at leaſt effected, by his over and above Care, and Induſtry, the better to enhance the Price of his Performances, and give him a ſort of Intelligence of the Obligations he lay under towards him.

Phylaſtratus eaſily gather'd, that *Dorinda*'s Carriage proceeded from another Cauſe, than what the Old Man imagin'd: But being before reſolv'd to make no diſcovery, and willing then to humour the Comedy, he ſeem'd very readily to concur with him in the Inferrences, he made from her Proceedings; and ſo wittily ſooth'd him in his Miſtake, and extol'd his Conduct, that he at once indulg'd his Pride, and made himſelf Diverſion. But being in a little time quite ſurfeited with his Impertinence, and deſirous himſelf to be a Spectator

Spectator of *Dorinda*'s Behaviour, he desir'd him, to procure him her Company: Whereupon he instantly order'd *Isabella* to go and tell her *Phylastratus* was there, and desir'd her Presence; and upon her Appearance, gave them the agreeable Compliment of his Absence.

Being thus left alone together, *Dorinda*'s impatience to hear what Effect her Letter had, upon *Panaretus*, soon gave *Phylastratus* Occasion, to give her his Letter, and proceed to tell his Story. "I deliver'd your Paper, "Madam, said he, to *Panaretus*, who "told me, next time I saw him after-"wards, that upon the best Judgment "he cou'd form of your Case, by what "you had wrote, he had sent his O-"pinion in this Paper (giving her the "Letter) and accordingly desir'd me to "deliver it to you. *Dorinda* taking the Letter, thank'd him for his Trouble, "telling him she'd look over what he "had sent very carefully; and if she "had happen'd any ways by her Haste

when

"when ſhe wrote laſt, to omit any "Thing material, ſhe'd take effectual "Care to let him have a thorough In- "formation of the whole Matter. by "ſome Means or other, very ſhortly. *Phylaſtratus* anſwer'd very gravely, "he did not doubt his Friend *Panaretus* "wou'd do his utmoſt to ſerve her, tell- "ing her ſhe might repoſe in him. *Do- rinda* opening the Letter, and reading it through, as *Phylaſtratus* ſaid this, ſmil'd and ſaid, "I believe *Panaretus* "and you, have made a Bargain to "praiſe one another. Why Madam? "reply'd *Phylaſtratus*, has he ever call'd "me a Lawyer? A Lawyer! (ſaid *Dorin- "da)* why is that ſuch a Mark of Com- "mendation? If it be not a Mark of "Commendation, you have made it a "Mark of Happineſs Madam, ſaid "*Phylaſtratus.* Why ſo pray? Says "*Dorinda.* Becauſe *Panaretus*'s bearing "that Name, render'd him capable of "being ſerviceable to you Madam, an- "ſwer'd he; a Thing ſo deſirable, I "cou'd wiſh to be a Lawyer my ſelf.

At

At this *Dorinda* bluſh'd, and look'd on the Impreſſion of the Wax of the Letter, to ſee if 'twas agreeable to the Account *Panaretus* had given of it; and finding it was, quitted her Diſorder, concluding what *Phylaſtratus* had ſaid, was purely accidental. *Phylaſtratus* on the other ſide, obſerving how his Drollery had affected her, declin'd any further Proſecution of it; and continu'd the Converſation for about half an Hour afterwards, with the common Gallantries us'd to the Ladies; and then took his Leave of her.

Dorinda having parted with *Phylaſtratus*, retir'd to make a further Scrutiny into her beloved *Panaretus*'s Letter, and did not then content her ſelf, with only a ſuperficial View of it, but read it over and over, with the moſt intenſe Application of Mind: Various were the Thoughts ſhe had of its Contents, and as various the Reſolutions ſhe form'd thereupon. That *Panaretus* declin'd her Suit, ſhe cou'd not but perceive, but yet ſo violent was her Paſſion, and

ſanguine her Hopes, that ſhe cou'd not, or rather wou'd not believe he contemn'd it. Infinite were the Perturbations of her Breaſt; but becauſe ſhe did in her Anſwer to him, give a livelier Picture of them, than any other Hand, tho' never ſo artful, can poſſibly draw: We will omit any further Eſſays of that Kind, and preſent that more beautiful Deſcription, which flow'd immediately, from her own Pen, that the Reader may have the moſt advantagious Idea of them. Her Letter then to *Panaretus*, was as follows, *viz.*

Unkind, but yet Generous MAN.

HARD Fate! Why? Oh! why muſt I thus engage, in a Task ſo uncommon, ſo unfit for my Sex? Where will my Extravagances end? Vain Creature that I am, why do I aſpire ſo much above my Reach? tempt my Fate, and proclaim my Folly! I know, I have experienc'd indeed, you are too generous to diſcloſe it; and I muſt yet hope you will Pardon me, if I again

gain venture boldly to plead a Cauſe, on which my Happineſs, my Life depends: Urge me not therefore to look on Phylaſtratus, *or any Body but your ſelf; no! it's true, my Heart is a fooliſh, a fond Heart, but it ſhall never be a Vagrant, a Proſtitute; it is a Bankrupt I confeſs, but you are the ſole Proprietor to it, it cannot, it won't admit a Dividend. I have not ſo little Notion of Merit neither, to think it e'er the leſs, becauſe 'tis diſclaim'd by its happy Poſſeſſor: And therefore that modeſt Defference, you ſo nobly pay to others, has been ſo far from looſing, that it has faſter riveted my Chains: But I ſtrive to reconcile Antipathies, I am not worthy of* Panaretus, *and therefore, muſt remain the Diſconſolate, the Diſtreſſed*

Dorinda.

The Exceſs of her Paſſion ſo blinded her Judgment, that ſhe had now no manner of Concern, how to convey this into *Panaretus*'s Hands. *Phylaſtratus*, ſhe imagin'd, was ſo effectually

impos'd on, that there was no Danger of his making any Diſcovery; ſhe thought ſhe had ſufficiently anticipated all Difficulty of that kind, by the Curſory Mention ſhe made to *Phylaſtratus*, of looking again over the Writings, to ſee whether ſhe had given *Panaretus* a juſt Account of her Caſe; and therefore concluded, it was but telling *Phylaſtratus* ſhe had made ſome little Miſtake in her Tranſcription; and adding ſome Stratagem, the better to introduce it, and all her Work of that Nature wou'd be accompliſh'd.

As ſhe was thus entertaining her Fancy with the pleaſing Deluſion, *Vulpone* having not been alone with her, ſince her laſt Interview with *Phylaſtratus*: And being Curious to know what Effect it had upon her; becauſe ſhe had ſo often expreſs'd ſuch an unuſual Deſire to ſee him, before he came; ruſh'd in upon her, and finding her in a thoughtful Poſture; with a chearful Aſpect accoſted her, as follows. "So Neice! you

"you 're very ſtudiouſly bent: I'el war-
"rant you're thinking of *Phylaſtratus*
"now; but I can't blame you, for he's
"really a very pretty Young Gentle-
"man as ever I knew; he does deſerve
"the beſt of your Thoughts; he is not
"one of the Vap'ring, huffing Blades of
"the Town, no! he is a Man of Sub-
"ſtance, Girl; 'sbud! as far as I can
"underſtand, he deſigns to have a
"Charriot on purpoſe for you; and
"then you'll have ſuch a Retinue,----
"well I ſwear he's a ſweet Gentleman.
The Old Gentleman wou'd have gone on to the end of the Chapter, with this ſort of Rapſody; but *Dorinda* quite impatient to find her Thoughts ſo wretchedly inverted, interrupting him, ſaid,
"far be it from me to detract from either
"his Qualifications or Fortune; and
"therefore, as I am not conſcious of
"having ſo much Vanity; neither can
"I eaſily perſuade my ſelf he has ſo little
"Judgment, as to beſtow his Charriot, or
"any other ſuch large Inſtances of his
"Favour, on ſuch an undeſerving Ob-
"ject.

" ject. I am not ſo unacquainted with
" the World, as not to know the Mo-
" tives generally influence ſuch young
" Gentlemen as *Phylaſtratus*: They take
" a Delight to ſooth the natural Vanity,
" and Levity of my Sex, and think
" they can no ways render their Com-
" pany grateful to us, without ſeeming
" as extravagantly to admire us, as we
" do our ſelves: I have heard them,
" when they have been in an ingenuous
" Mood, frankly acknowledge, that
" the Reaſon why they think them-
" ſelves oblig'd to addreſs themſelves to
" the Ladies, with ſuch a Heap of re-
" dundant Compliments; is, becauſe,
" they think by that time we are ar-
" riv'd to Fifteen, we are ſo thoroughly
" acquainted with the repeated Exer-
" ciſe of our Glaſs; and conſequently,
" are poſſeſs'd with ſuch a weak Fond-
" neſs of our own Pretty Faces, that
" when ever we converſe with them,
" and they don't make our perſonal Per-
" fections the ſole Subject of their Diſ-
" courſe, we imagine them highly In-
" jurious

"jurious to us. Whether the Gene-
"rality of my Sex's Conduct will vin-
"dicate the Juſtice of this Aſſertion, I
"will not now diſpute; but this I re-
"ſolve, my Proceedings ſhall ne'er be
"an Illuſtration of it; it ſhall ne'er be
"ſaid, that *Dorinda* courted Praiſe;
"or when ſhe had it, was elated by it.
"No! I like *Phylaſtratus*'s Galantry well
"enough; but yet I am not ſo vain,
"as not to gueſs at the Intention of it.

Vulpone going to reply, was interrupted by a ſudden Knocking at the Door, and *Iſabella* being not immediately preſent, went himſelf and open'd it. Upon which, he found himſelf ſaluted by *Phylaſtratus*.

Vulpone ſeeing him, inſtantly receiv'd him in, and huddl'd him with great Haſte into a back Room, where he began immediately to dinn his Ears with what had paſs'd between him and his Neice, juſt before he came, telling him he'd left her alone in her Room, to come to let him in, prompt-

ing him further to go and ſurprize her. *Phylaſtratus* coming on purpoſe to hear what Effect *Panaretus*'s Letter had had upon *Dorinda*, very readily comply'd to what was propos'd; and accordingly trip'd ſoftly up Stairs, the better to come on her unexpectedly. In the Interim *Dorinda* (being by *Phylaſtratus*'s knocking at the Door, deliver'd from the ungrateful Perſecution of her Unkle's Converſation) again reſum'd the Thoughts of managing her Plot, in Reference to the Conveying her Letter to *Panaretus*; and thinking her ſelf ſufficiently ſecur'd, from any further Interruption by her Unkle, proceeded to add the following Poſtſcript to her Letter, *viz.*

" *I thank you very kindly, for the Care* " *you have taken to be ſecret. I found* " *the Impreſſion of your Seal, as you de-* " *ſcrib'd it; and therefore don't queſtion* " *ſo to manage* Phylaſtratus, *as to make* " *him again my deluded Meſſenger, as you* " *call him.*

As ſhe was writing, *Phylaſtratus* made

made his Appearance, at which, with a quickneſs of Thought, diſſembling the Surprize ſhe was under (after he made a previous Apology, for his Intruſion ſo ſuddenly) ſhe told him, "ſhe "was then writing to *Panaretus*, and "ſince he was come ſo opportunely, ſhe "ſhou'd take it as a Favour, if he'd be "ſo kind to carry her Letter to him. "For added ſhe, upon a Scrutiny into "*Panaretus*'s Letter, finding I had made "ſome ſmall Miſtakes, in the Account "I had given him. I have rectify'd "them now, and ſo ſuppoſe there will "be no further Occaſion of giving either "you, or *Panaretus*, any more Trou-"ble.— I am ſo far, anſwer'd *Phyla-"ſtratus*, from eſteeming what you "deſire any Trouble, that I take it to "be a great Addition to my Happineſs, "to be capable of being any ways ſer-"viceable to you.— They continu'd this Interview for about half an Hour, with abundance of trifling Ceremonies of the ſame Nature: After which

Phylaſtratus, taking the Letter, parted with her.

After he was gone, *Dorinda* exceedingly delighted her ſelf with the thoughts of her Management, in turning his accidental Surprizing of her, ſo effectually to be a Means of conveying her Letter into *Panaretus*'s Hands. The Deduction ſhe made, ſeem'd ſo very natural, and free from being any ways ſtrain'd, that ſhe thought it impoſſible *Phylaſtratus* ſhou'd have any Miſtruſt. On the other ſide, *Phylaſtratus*, having thus before he expected, got *Dorinda*'s Letter into his Poſſeſſion, having at once perus'd it, and admir'd it, ſeal'd it up again, and went immediately with it to *Panaretus*, and deliver'd it to him.

Panaretus having receiv'd *Dorinda*'s Letter, and given a melancholly Attention to *Phylaſtratus*'s Story; with a diſſembl'd Air of Briskneſs told him, "he wou'd carefully weigh *Dorinda*'s "Caſe, and give her his Thoughts "of it, as ſoon poſſibly he cou'd: And then, with an extorted chear-

ful

ful Complacency, took his leave of him.

Being parted from him, and having thoroughly examin'd *Dorinda*'s Letter, he retir'd, to give it a full Conſideration. As to his Reſolution, he found That, not very difficult to make; but how to expreſs it to *Dorinda* afforded him abundant Matter for Study: Tho' he was unalterably fixt to keep his Faith inviolably ſacred; and even, *Dorinda* ſhou'd not tempt him to break it; yet, he cou'd not be inſenſible of the exalted Generouſity of her Paſſion. He knew very well, that as his own Fortune was no ways Commenſurate with her's; neither was her's with *Phylaſtratus*'s; and therefore he cou'd not but obſerve the Preference ſhe had given him, was abſtracted from all Thoughts of Gain, or rather a free Choice of the moſt diſadvantageous Loſs. As he was firmly determin'd not to be juſtly charg'd with Falſhood by *Celia*: So he cou'd not be reconcil'd with being found guilty of Ingratitude to *Dorinda*. In fine, after he had labouriouſly canvaſs'd, the ſeve-

ra!

ral Circumſtances of his Affairs, for a conſiderable time, he disburden'd his Mind, in the following Letter to *Dorinda*,

MADAM,

THE Irreſiſtableneſs of your Charms, even only in their exterior View, is what you have often had ſo large an Experience of; that but barely to mention them, as ſuch, wou'd but be an inſipid Recital, of what all that have ever had the Happineſs of ſeeing you, loudly proclaim. But when (as I have done) we take a larger flight of Contemplation, and maze our ſelves with the dazling Beauties of your Mind; when I ſay we then gaze on all the bright Imbelliſhments of that Soul which gives you a juſt Title to the Name of Phœnix. *We are tempted to think you more than Humane, and are ready to addreſs you as ſuch. I ſpeak in Plural Number, becauſe this is the concurrent Notion which all that know you, have conceiv'd of you. You can't then imagine, that I am the only Perſon, ſo ſtupid as not to be ſenſible, deeply*

ly

ly ſenſible, of the exalted Nature of your Perfections. No! Madam, I am, and ever will, be ready to pay the greateſt Deference to them; and if any Action that is not dedicated to the Source of Beings, may be lawfully call'd Adoration; 'tis you, 'tis you alone, ſhou'd receive the diſtinguiſhing Homage from me. Let me intreat you then, not to impute my declining your Requeſt, to any indifferent or ſlighting Thoughts of your Merits; but a greatful Regard for your Tranquillity: For my very Soul ſhudders at the Thoughts of that Trouble, which the Proſecution of an Amour, with ſuch an incompatiable Object, will neceſſarily involve you in. You can't be inſenſible, Madam (how favourable ſoever the Opinion you have conceiv'd of me may be) that your Unkle will be ſtrangely averſe, to your Burying your bright Qualities, in the Arms of One, who muſt confeſs (even in ſpight of the Vanity you have tempted him to) he is not worthy of ſo immenſe a Bleſſing: Therefore if I perſuade you to transfer your Heart to One, whoſe Merits lay a juſter Claim to it, by

all

all that's Lovely and Dear, let me conjure you to take it (as it really is deſign'd) in pure Zeal, grateful Zeal, for the Prevention of your Unhappineſs. Take this Madam, as the ſincere Advice of One who loves you; loves you with a Flame more rais'd than ever Cupid *kindl'd; loves you with the Ardor of Angels, abſtracted from all the groſs Ideas of Senſe; and will ever be ready (if poſſible) with a Zeal ad-equal to thoſe glorious Beings, to promote your Happineſs. Theſe are the undiſſembled Sentiments of your ſincere Friend, and Humble Servant,*

Panaretus.

P. S.

Finding Phylaſtratus *ſo well manag'd by your Ingenuity, I think I may ſtill, without any Danger, continue to make him your deluded Meſſenger.*

Panaretus having thus deliver'd his Mind, and being poſſeſs'd with the greateſt Security of *Phylaſtratus*'s being thoroughly impos'd on by *Dorinda*, found very little Difficulty in conveying

it

it to his Hands, and thereby (as he thought) gaining a ſatisfactory Aſſurance of *Dorinda*'s ſeeing it, without the leaſt Interruption.

Phylaſtratus being thus poſſeſs'd of *Panaretus*'s Letter, and having perus'd it after his uſual Manner, found himſelf differently impreſs'd with it, than what he was by any of the former. The generous Conſtancy of *Panaretus* to *Cælia*, appear'd to him ſo extremely ſublime, and unparallel'd; that he cou'd not but entertain ſome Thoughts that ſhe did not merit it. The Temptation *Dorinda* gave him, was in its every Part ſo particularly moving, that his ſo repeatedly declining her Suit, ſeem'd to him no leſs than a Miracle of Reſolution: For as *Dorinda*'s Fortune was abundantly ſuperior (or rather *Cælia* had none at all) ſo her Wit, her Education, her every Thing was ſo immenſely rais'd above *Cælia*'s, that they wou'd not admit the leaſt Compariſon. *Cælia* was a mean, ord'nary Girl, very little rais'd in her Character, above a common Ser-

vant:

vant: *Dorinda*, a Lady of the moſt poliſh'd Endowments, imbelliſh'd with all the Beauties that a plentiful Fortune, and liberal Education cou'd furniſh her with; and indeed, when *Cælia* was oppos'd to her, ſhe ſeem'd only as a Foil to ſet her off with the greater Luſtre: So far was ſhe in the Eye of *Phylaſtratus*, from bearing any juſt Preference to her.

But finding all her alluring Rhetoric unable to ſhock *Panaretus*'s Affection, and having, as 'twere ſoliloqui'd upon the ſeveral extraordinary Parts of his Amour; the peculiar Nobleneſs of Nature *Panaretus* had diſplay'd, rais'd ſuch enlarg'd Emulation in his Breaſt, as render'd him altogether unable to forbear acting ſome conſiderable Part himſelf. *Panaretus* he thought, was too generous to be deceiv'd, and ſhou'd he not do his utmoſt, to prevent any thing of that Kind; he thought he cou'd not acquit himſelf, of an ungrateful Negligence towards him. Shou'd *Cælia* prove falſe to him in the End, notwithſtanding all that inviolable Affection, even under

under the greateſt Temptation he bore to her; he thought he ſhou'd not be a Friend, at leaſt not a Friend worthy of *Panaretus*, if he did make ſuch previous Diſcoveries of her curſs'd Inconſtancy, as might render him capable of giving him timely Notice of it. Beſides, he cou'd not but think (if *Cælia* did not return his Affection with a more than common Flame) that *Dorinda*'s Paſſion claim'd ſome, if not a greater Regard. He cou'd not but pitty her Misfortune; nor without offering Violence to his own Breaſt, not entertain ſome Thoughts of being helpful to her.

All his former ſecret Regret at her giving *Panaretus* ſo large a Preference, was now wholly abandon'd by him, and all his Thoughts center'd in one continu'd Deſire of being aſſiſtant to her, in procuring that Happineſs ſhe ſo earneſtly Coveted. And therefore he ſoon commenc'd a Reſolution, of uſing all poſſible Arts to diſcover *Cælia*'s Sincerity; determining further, if he detected any

any thing of Falſhood in her, he'd make it at once, a Means to diſuade *Panaretus* from her, and thereby make *Dorinda*'s Bliſs conſumate.

Having thus deliberated how to proceed, he went to *Dorinda*, and gave her *Panaretus*'s Letter, leaving her, after a ſhort Converſe, to retire and make her own Reflections upon it.

His particular Intimacy with *Panaretus*, had made him long before very well known by *Celia*; and therefore how to get Acceſs to her was no Difficulty and the many great Advantages he had of him in Fortune, he thought wou'd be ſome Temptation to her. Being then ſo far qualify'd, he frequently came into *Celia*'s Company, as frequently uſing all the little Dallianees that are common to Youth, towards her; often giving her large Harangues of the Irreſiſtableneſs of her Charms, omitting no Extravagances that all his Wit, and Fancy cou'd furniſh him with, to raiſe her Vanity, and Exerciſe her Levity and Inconſtancy.

Celia

Cælia finding her ſelf careſs'd by *Phylaſtratus*, with ſo much ſplendid Pageantry; and being before by *Panaretus*'s Choice of her, abundantly elated with the Thoughts of her own Perfections, very readily concluded, his ſo extraordinary Behaviour towards her, was the Effect of real and ſincere Affection; and by the Help of her Glaſs, and indulgent Opinion of her ſelf, ſo fully confirm'd this Thought, that ſhe had not the leaſt Doubt in the World concerning it. The poſſibility of his being ſet to Work by *Panaretus*: The Probabillity of what he did, being deſign'd only to try her, or at leaſt make himſelf Diverſion; the near ſimilitude mere Complements, and real Affection bear to each other, and the Commonneſs of young Gentlemen, uſing Extravagances of that Kind, in the Ladies Company. Theſe were Things ſhe never thought on. No, the Greatneſs of his Fortune, the Magnificence of his Appearance, and the many other ſhining Advantages, he was Maſter of, ſo wholly engroſs'd her Thoughts

Thoughts, and convey'd ſo many daz'ling Ideas to her Imagination, as gave no Room for any other Thoughts of *Panaretus*, or any thing elſe than ſuch as were the Effect of Reſolution to juſtle Him off. It's true, *Panaretus* was once thought a Prize; and no Arts, no Proteſtation, no Vows were omitted to ſecure him; Heaven and Earth were made Witneſſes of her proteſted ſincerity of Affection; and every Word ſhe ſpoke when that was the Subject, was back'd with a peculiar Vehemency of Aſſeveration; but now, as oppos'd to *Phylaſtratus*, he appear'd contemptible, and no ways worth her Concern, and ſhe reſolv'd for the future to treat him as ſuch. Her Thoughts were wholly taken up with her imaginary new Spark, and all her preceeding Engagements to *Panaretus*, as much ſo forgotten, as they were deceitfully made. *Phylaſtratus* had Occaſion to uſe very little Art to make his Diſcoveries; he needed not pull her, ſhe'd fall her ſelf, into his Arms. ſo ſoon was *Panaretus* forſaken by her,

ſo

ſo light, ſo inconſtant was her Nature.

Phylaſtratus obſerv'd the innate Levity of her Nature, with a Breaſt inflam'd with the higheſt Diſdain; but being willing to trace her Falſhood; yet further, he conceal'd his Reſentments, and proceeded on, to ſooth her in it as before. But determin'd for the future to be, rather Paſſive, than Active, rather to hear what ſhe wou'd ſay, than ſay any thing himſelf. However, he repeated his Viſits to her, as before; and took a very exact Account of her Carriage.

Celia on the other ſide, being mightily fluſh'd with *Phylaſtratus*'s Proceedings, immediately communicated the whole Matter to *Demigoga* her Mother, and *Sycophanta* her Siſter, and quickly in concert with them, agreed to ſhove *Panaretus* off, the better to receive him. The Superiority of *Phylaſtratus*'s Fortune, to that of *Panaretus*, ſo effectually dazil'd their Underſtandings, and ſtifl'd their Conſciences, that it gave no Room for the leaſt Reflection of either

either. *Panaretus* was grown ſo Contemptible all on a ſudden, that even the Methods of turning him off, were not worth a Thought: It was indeed agreed, that *Cælia* ſhou'd abſent her ſelf from him; but the Reaſons upon which She was, at leaſt pretendedly to proceed, afforded them no manner of Study. In ſhort, the Gentleman ſo fully outweigh'd the *Lawyer* and his Eſtate, ſo abundantly Compenſated for all *Cælia*'s preceeding Ingagements: That the obtaining of them, was thought ſufficient to Cancel all other Obligations.

Whilſt theſe things paſs'd between *Phylaſtratus* and *Cælia*, *Dorinda* was fully imploy'd in Canvaſing *Panaretus*'s Letter. She found her ſelf at an infinite Loſs what Conſtruction to put upon it. The Perplex'dneſs of its Compoſure, made it appear with an unaccountable Ambiguity unto her. His Expreſſions of a real Eſteem towards her, were ſo very full and Pathetic, that She cou'd not believe them feign'd, and tho' indeed at preſent, he profeſs'd,

to

to love her with the Ardour of Angels; yet Time ſhe hop'd wou'd convert it, into that of a Gentleman. Various were her Endeavours to account for his deſiring her to transfer her Heart from him, and as various the Difficulties ſhe found in the Attempt; but having, by a continu'd Tract of Thought, run over all that ſhe cou'd poſſibly think to be the true Reaſon of it, at laſt ſhe concluded it muſt neceſſarily be the Effect of ſome Ladies, being before hand with her, and the Violence of her Affection had render'd her Judgment ſo unuſually partial, that ſhe cou'd not think it a Crime to trick her (as ſhe thought) happy Rival out of her Spark. This however, ſhe reſolv'd, to uſe the utmoſt Stratagem to gain Intelligence, whether he was ingag'd to any other Lady, or no; and ſhe further determin'd with her ſelf, that none cou'd be a more effectual Method of doing this, than asking him to write his Sentiments of the Paſſion of Love. A Subject of this Nature, ſhe thought wou'd ſufficiently put him to the

the Teſt; and if he was any ways nearly concern'd in it, ſhe fully aſſur'd her ſelf he wou'd diſcover it by ſome of his Expreſſions. Beſides, to carry on the Encounter further with her Pen, ſhe found her ſelf altogether unable; and therefore as ſhe cou'd not gain her End, by open Force; ſhe found her ſelf under a Neceſſity of having Recourſe to Policy. She reſolv'd therefore to try this Project, and upon her gaining any Information thereby, to make ſuch Improvements as the Circumſtances of Things wou'd naturally admit of.

Panaretus, altogether inſenſible either of *Phylaſtratus*'s Policy, or *Cælia*'s Ingratitude, and having receiv'd no Reply from *Dorinda*, to his laſt Letter, concluded ſhe took it for her final Anſwer: And now deſign'd to deſiſt any further Procedure; and with this deluſive Opinion of his Affairs, proceeded to pay his Viſits to *Cælia*, in his wonted manner. The Place where he generally us'd to ſolace himſelf with her, being commonly her Siſter *Sycophanta*'s Houſe;

Houſe, he reſorted there, in his accuſtom'd manner, to meet her; but to his great Surprize, found his repeated Endeavours to ſee her, altogether Fruitleſs, and Unſucceſsful.

This Alteration preſently led him to inquire what was the Reaſon (of *Sycophanta*) that her Siſter abſented her ſelf from him, who preſently anſwer'd with an Air of Contempt, and Indifference, "that *Demogoga*, her Mother, had "taken ſome ſecret Diſpleaſure at him; "and therefore was reſolv'd, that *Ca*-"*lia* ſhou'd continue no longer to hold "any Correſpondence with him. She proceeded further, to give *Panaretus* all the ſurly Treatment, that Want of Senſe, and the Deſire of turning him off, to make Room for *Phylaſtratus*, joyn'd with the inbred Sordidneſs of her Nature, cou'd ſuggeſt to her. This unmannerly, as well as unexpected Carriage of *Sycophanta*, ſtruck *Panaretus* to the Heart; it rouz'd the higheſt Emotions of Anger, and Diſdain in his Breaſt; but ſo tender was his Affection

to *Celia*, and ſo hard was it for him, to conſtrue any thing againſt her, that he wholly acquitted her; he cou'd not bear the Thoughts of her being culpable of any thing like Falſhood. That *Demogoga*, and *Sycophanta*, were deceitful, ſordid, and all that's baſe and abject, he cou'd eaſily believe; but that *Celia* was any thing ſhort of the brighteſt Innocence, he cou'd not entertain the Thought. He imagin'd ſhe was as much afflicted by their ſo long Abſence, as he; and ſo indulgent was the Regard he had to her, that he was more ſenſibly touch'd, with what he imagin'd ſhe ſuffer'd, than with all that Load of Injuries which had been thrown on himſelf. Infinite were the Inquietudes, this alone Thought rais'd in his Breaſt, the Contempt, the Scorn, with which *Sycophanta* treated him, regretted him nothing, in compariſon with the convulſive Agonies; with the Thoughts of *Celia*'s being torn from his Arms againſt her will, caus'd in his Soul. His Fancy hitherto was very active,

tive, preſented a thouſand hideous Forms of things to his Mind; *Celia* was dreſs'd up, by his teeming Imagination, as under the moſt perplexing Doubts of Mind; aſſaulted with all the repeated Clamours, of a buſy and detracting Malice; and nothing that cou'd either exagerate the accute Senſe he had of his Misfortune, or confirm him in the Thoughts of *Celia*'s being equally oppreſs'd by it, was paſs'd by, without the moſt cruciating, and tormenting Reflections. He fancy'd he ſaw *Celia*, beſet with all that Malice, and Ill-nature cou'd ſuggeſt; tempted with innumerable Inſinuations, both by *Demogoga*, and *Sycophanta*, to believe him falſe to her, and under the moſt wracking, and pungent Deſpair at the News. In fine, he joyn'd a ſort of Mad-man to the Lover, and made (pardon the Odneſs of the Expreſſion) as ingenious a Fool as ever you ſaw in your Life. And thus at preſent, our Story requires us to leave him, the bet-

ter to trace the Proceedings of his Friend.

Phylaſtratus having abundantly detected the Perfidiouſneſs of *Cælia*, took an Opportunity again to pay a Viſit to *Dorinda*, who receiv'd him with a Briskneſs of Aſpect, of late ſomething unuſual to her. After he was ſet down, and ſome trifling Preliminaries had paſs'd; ſhe told him, "She was ex-"ceedingly oblig'd to his Friend *Panare-*"*tus*, for the great Trouble ſhe had "put him to; adding, that ſhe believ'd "now ſhe ſhou'd have no further Occa-"ſion to divert him from his more ne-"ceſſary Affairs, having now, ſhe "hop'd, fully accommodated all Diffe-"rences. *Phylaſtratus* ſtrictly obſerving theſe Words of *Dorinda*, and thinking ſhe had taken *Panaretus*'s laſt Letter, as a final Denial; concluded, ſhe now deſign'd wholly to deſiſt any further Proſecution of her Suit, and was reſolv'd to concern her ſelf no more about him. Here 'twas that all his Powers were, as 'twere, upon their full Stretch; a Thouſand

ſand ſeveral Paſſions revell'd in his Soul: Here 'twas his Friendſhip to *Panaretus* evidenc'd it ſelf in its brighteſt Luſtre; inſpir'd him with Thoughts too big for Language to expreſs. That *Panaretus*, after all his Faithfulneſs, ſhou'd be abandon'd, both by *Celia*, and *Dorinda* too; was a perfect Goad to his Soul. No! he reſolv'd it muſt not, ſhou'd not be. He continu'd therefore the Diſcourſe about him to *Dorinda*, omitting nothing he thought cou'd poſſibly contribute to re-kindle her Flame, and excite her Paſſion afreſh towards him; and amongſt many other things, having mention'd ſome facetious Lines of *Panaretus*'s making, upon a waggiſh Affair, that they were both engag'd in: *Dorinda* interrupting him, ſaid, "I find then "your Friend *Panaretus* is a Proficient "in Poetry; I wiſh I had known that be- "fore, I wou'd have ſet him a Task, for I "love Poetry dearly.--- 'Tis not too late "now, Madam, anſwer'd *Phylaſtratus*. Upon which ſeeming to decline with an Air as gave ſtrong Indications, that

ſhe wanted to be preſs'd, to propoſe what ſhe deſir'd: *Phylaſtratus* taking the Hint, told her, "ſhe muſt ſet *Pa-*"*naretus* a Task. To which ſeeming to comply with abundance of Reluctancy; after a long Conteſt 'twas agreed by them both, that *Panaretus* ſhou'd write a Poem upon Love. Having gain'd thus far upon her, he earneſtly importun'd her to write a little Note, to requeſt him to do it; pretending he was ſure *Panaretus* wou'd not do it upon his Deſire, having ſo often troubl'd him in that Nature before; and by abundance of Intreaty perſuaded her to do it. And thereupon (being mightily pleas'd to find her ſelf, as 'twere forc'd to proſecute what ſhe had long before projected) leaving *Phylaſtratus* alone, ſhe retir'd into her Cloſet, and wrote to *Panaretus*, as follows, *viz.*

SIR,

BEING inform'd by Phylaſtratus, *your Friend, that your Skill in Num-*

bers

bers comes up to your other great Perfections: I find my ſelf prevail'd on, by his Importunity, and my own Inclinations, to requeſt your Thoughts of that Kind, on the Paſſion of Love.

Your Humble Servant,
to Command,

Dorinda.

Having wrote this, ſhe inſtantly return'd to *Phylaſtratus*, and giving it to him, earneſtly charg'd him to uſe his utmoſt Endeavours, to make *Panarctus* comply with the Contents of it; intreating him further, as ſoon as ever he had perform'd it to bring it to her. *Phylaſtratus* promis'd to be punctually obſervant of her Deſire; and having given her a full Satisfaction by his repeated Aſſurances, and himſelf much Delight in ſo fully diſcovering her Stratagems, he parted with her for that Time.

Being thus poſſeſs'd of *Dorinda*'s Letter, and having examin'd the Contents

of it, in his wonted manner, he poſted away with it to *Panaretus*, reſolving to admit of no Excuſe for his Non-performance of what it requir'd; and having ſent for him to a Tavern where they uſually met, and deliver'd it to him, ſoon made him to underſtand, that neither *Dorinda*, nor he, wou'd take any Denial.

Panaretus being in the utmoſt Confuſion at the many perplexing Circumſtances of his Affairs, began in the moſt moving Expreſſions of an Intenſe Paſſion, to acquaint *Phylaſtratus* with the whole Story of *Cælia*'s Abſence from him; inveighing with the moſt eager Reſentments, againſt the ſavage Ill-nature of *Demogoga*, and *Sycophanta*, towards him; and wholly acquitting *Cælia* from all guilt in the Matter. *Phylaſtratus*, tho' fully ſenſible of his Miſtake, thought fit for the Preſent to diſſemble his having Knowledge of the Matter; and having commiſerated his Misfortunes, and promis'd his utmoſt Aſſiſtance to extricate him, ſtill

ſtill proceeding to preſs him to anſwer *Dorinda*'s Requeſt, 'till having quite wearied him out with his Importunity, he promis'd (after having long urg'd the Indiſpoſition he was under) to do it; after which having drank a Glaſs, or two, to their better Succeſs in their Amours for the future, they took their Leaves.

Soon after their Parting, *Panaretus* retir'd into his Study, and having largely revolv'd on the ſeveral unhappy Circumſtances of his Amour, determin'd with himſelf, at once to gratify *Dorinda*'s Requeſt, and if poſſible, Still the many Perturbations of his own Breaſt, by the following Lines, *viz.*

Love a PASTORAL.

Theocles.

WHO! my PHYLANDER? *Why ſo penſive grown?*
What! folded Arms? Come now we are alone

Say from what Cauſe, proceeds this ſolid Grief,
A Vent of Sorrow is a ſure Relief.
Why ſhunn'ſt thou ſo, the Pleaſures other Swains,
Seek and enjoy, amidſt their Happy Plains;
PHYLANDER *ſpeak, 'twill eaſe thy Miſery,*
Let me bear Part, at leaſt, bear Sympathy.

Phylander.

Oh! THEOCLES——

Fly, Fly! the Influence of the Fair,
Thoſe Banes of Peace, thoſe Nurſeries of Care.
Once!——
(Oh! dire reverſe of Things) once was I Bleſt
With all the Pleaſures of an quiet Breaſt;
Calm Joy, and ſweet Serenity of Mind,
I then, in ev'ry Verge of Life did find:
No raging Luſt, of Pow'r no turns of State
Or Fortunes erring Wheel did Cares create,
To be content, I thought was to be Great;
I Shun'd the Revels, of Luxuriant Swains,
And 'ſcap'd their Crimes, as well as after Pains,

Each

Each Day regal'd me, with ſome freſh Delight,
And ſweet Repoſe bleſs'd each revolving Night.
Sprightly I trip'd it o'er the Verdant Mead,
And took Delight my bleating Charge to feed;
With eager Zeal did nightly Vigils hold,
Hugging my Lambs, as Miſers *do their Gold;*
Nicely obſerv'd their youthful Innocence,
And oft did Moral Leſſons draw from thence;
Upon ſome Moſſey Bank my ſelf I'd lay,
And ſmile to ſee how chearfully they'd play;
Their little Pranks, ſtill freſh Amuſements brought,
And gave me Pleaſure, 'bove the Reach of Thought.
Riches I ſpurn'd, my Maſs of Treaſure was
The little Vegetives, amid' the Graſs;
Each minute Daiſy, *and fragrant* Violet,
I valu'd more, than Diadems *beſet*
With all the coſtly Jems of Eaſt *and* Weſt,
And ſhinning Ore, *by all, ſo much careſt:*
More Beauteous they appear'd unto my Sight,
And gave my Soul more ſure, and real Delight.

Power I had, my Subjects did Obey,
My Crook *to me, was as a* Scepter's *Sway;*

No

No reſtleſs Subjects did diſturb my Reign,
They knew not they, but I was Sovereign,
Never put Caſes, when they might Rebel,
But ſtrove which ſhou'd in Loyalty excel:
Joyntly conſpir'd that I ſhou'd happy be,
And own'd my Power was from the Deity.

With purling Brooks my Paſtures round were ſtrow'd,
And numerous Shoals of Fiſhes in them flow'd;
The ſpreading Willows, Shelter did afford,
And ſoft MEANDERS *own'd me for their Lord;*
Each needful Bleſſing all kind Heav'n beſtow'd,
I wanted nothing that was truly good.

Thus was I bleſs'd, thus ſlid my Hours away,
'Till Woman, Beauteous Woman did betray
My Soul, which knew not her reſiſtleſt Power,
'Till Time had uſher'd in that fatal Hour;
In which from Cælia's *Eyes, there flew a Dart,*
That made an eaſy Victim, of my Heart;
From thence (curs'd Æra!) do I date thoſe Pains,
That make me now the wretcheſteſt of Swains;

But ſhe appear'd ſo dazz'ling to my ſight,
Something methoughts I ſaw ſo heav'nly bright,
My Heart, by Violence, proclaim'd its ſelf her right.

Have you not ſeen, upon a dewy Morn,
What beauteous Luſtre does the Roſe adorn,
And how immaculate the Lillies are,
How ſnowy white, how glorious they appear?
Theſe in her Face their liveliеſt Beauties mix'd,
And bleſs'd the fair Abode wherein they'd fix'd:
Oh! She was heav'nly Fair in ev'ry Part,
A Miracle of Nature's labour'd Art.

Fondly I gaz'd, and fir'd my Soul with Love,
Striving, in vain, the growing Pangs to brave,
I found each Nerve, ſome pungent Pain did prove,
My Struggle made me only more a Slave.
So the ſtout Beaſt, that wantons in the Field,
And fills the Neighb'ring Woods with horrid Fear,
When by the Hunter's Arts, at laſt beguil'd,
Strives with impetuous Rage, to break his Snare,
Fiercely, a while, his nervous Limbs reſiſt,
Th' incircling Cords, regardleſs of his Pains,

Till Nature's Strength, unable to perſiſt
Breathleſs, and Faint, falls drooping on the Plains.

Theocles.

Do's your Diſorder, then from Love proceed?
Can that ſweet Softneſs, ſuch Affliction breed?
Strange!——
Is't poſſible the Nymph cou'd prove unkind?
Were all her Beauties to her Face confin'd?
Angel in Body, but all Fiend in Mind.
Some vain elated thing! ——

Phylander.

Raſh THEOCLES!——
Your forward Zeal has wrong'd ſuch Innocence,
Oh! Cælia, *what will expiate this Offence!*
Never when Wolves, attaqu'd my peaceful Plains,
Did Indignation fire my glowing Veins
With ſuch impetuous Rage!——
My throbbing Breaſt can't bear the Calumny,
'Gainſt Cælia *ſpeak, (by Heav'n!) 'tis Blaſphemy,*
It ſtabs my Soul, the Killing Words to hear;
My ſelf! the World! I cou'd in pieces tear!

Theocles.

Theocles.

Such wild Confuſion does thy Breaſt emove.
As does proclaim, indeed, you are in Love:
But yet——
If wrong I've offer'd, 'twas without deſign,
Tell me then now, wherein conſiſts my Crime?

Phylander.

Will my Misfortunes never have an End!
I 'ad loſt my Peace, and now abus'd my Friend.
So Lunaticks, *when Reaſon does diſpence,*
In Intervals, ſome little Rays of Senſe,
Sadly bewail the various Ills *they've done,*
And both their Follies and Diſtemper moan.

But you, Great Youth, will eaſie Pardon deign,
You know the Malady does o'er me reign;
You know 'twas Zeal, pure Zeal for Cælia's *Fame*
Made me infringe our dear Platonick *Flame.*

Theocles.

If Friendſhip fled, the Lover ſtill did ſtay,
And he I'm ſure, can very well diſplay,
What 'tis ſo much afflicts thy gen'rous Breaſt,
Murders thy Peace, and robs thee of thy Reſt;
Of him I'll ask, if Cælia *wa'n't unkind,*
It muſt be that which grieves PHYLANDER's *Mind.*

Phylander.

Oh! 'tis in vain you ſtrive to anticipate,
What only He that feels can well relate.
Cælia *unkind! No!* ——
I have been bleſs'd, if Lovers bleſs'd can be,
With all that they eſteem Felicity:
Cælia, *I've oft encirc'd in my Arms,*
And by that Act, poſſeſs'd a Heav'n of Charms,
Found her the ſweeteſt, moſt engaging Maid,
Adorn'd with all her Sex e'er lovely made.
I *cou'd have dwelt for ever in her Arms,*
I *cou'd have revell'd ever on her Charms.*
Look, Look, THEOCLES! *to yon ſhady Grove,*
The ſilent Witneſs of our mutual Love:

There

There did I *oft dilate upon my Flame,*
Whilſt ſhe with Bluſhes call'd me lovely Swain;
Juſt like the little Lark, which mounts the Skies,
Filling the Air with its ſoft Melodies;
Or the more penſive Muſick of ſome Stream,
Where winding Strands, with'ts Currents intervene,
So did her Voice, in winning Accents move,
Whiſp'ring repeated Vows of conſtant Love.
Oft when my bleating Flocks call'd me away,
Her bluſhing Cheeks ſhe'd in my Boſom lay,
And trembling Coy, will you no longer ſtay:
Then with her tuneful Notes wou'd charm my Ears,
And uſe a thouſand Arts to ſooth my Cares.
Tell me then now, can ſhe be call'd unkind,
Did ever Lover more Elizium *find?*

Thyrſis.

What can the meaning of this Language be?
Where is that Joy, that raving Exſtaſie!
Strange Paradox! Where is that Heav'n of Bliſs,
Which Lovers boaſt they find in ev'ry Kiſs?
Your doleful Plaints do ſhew the dire reverſe,
The Cauſe of this I *want you to rehearſe.*

Phylander.

Phylander.

Oh! THEOCLES ——

A Lovers Bliſs, is all an idle Dream,
Thought on by none, that know what Love do's mean.
So fleeting, ſo precarious is his Joy,
Whilſt Bliſs he ſeeks, his Peace he do's Deſtroy.
His Life's one conſtant Scene of anxious Fears,
And e'ry Hour, adds, to his pungent Cares;
Each fooliſh Fancy, wracks his very Soul,
Ruffles his Breaſt, and Reaſon do's befool;
He's ever Reſtleſs, ever is Oppreſt,
The Wiſe Man's Pity, and ev'ry Coxcombs Jeſt:
Meagre's his Viſage, and his Mind depreſt,
Depriv'd of Peace by Day, at Night of Reſt,
A Lovers Wo's, can never be expreſt.

Thrice Happy he, whoſe Noble Soul diſdains,
To be a Captive made, to Cupid's *Chains.*
Thrice Happy he, that Spurns the mean deſire,
And can be Happy in himſelf entire.

Theocles,

Theocles.

Are theſe the Raptures, idle Lovers boaſt!
Can Happineſs be found, where Peace is loſt!
Was Woman for a Plague then to us giv'n!
Is what we count a Hell! the Lovers Heav'n!
How ſad a Prey, is Youth, to flatt'ring Senſe,
Never convinc'd, but by Experience;
His blooming Health, his Blood with Vigor fills,
And lays him Open, to a Thouſand Ills:
Till fluſh'd by Natures Strength, ſome dire Exceſs,
Deprives him both of Life and Happineſs,

So the Young Heifer, to the Altar Bound
Is with the Pageantry, of Triumph Crown'd,
Till the ſharp Knife, its Vitals do's ſurprize,
And in deluſive Pomp, it Faints and Dies.

Oh ye Bleſt Pow'rs! whoſe Happy Manſions are
Out of the reach of Folly, and of Care,
Grant this Poor Swain, his Reaſon may recover,
And ne're Relapſe, into that Fool a Lover.

Panaretus

Panaretus having thus unloaded his Mind, and gratify'd *Dorinda*s Requeſt determin'd to convey his Performance into her Hands by *Phylaſtratus*: And the better to Proſecute this Reſolution, the firſt time he ſaw him, prepar'd the following Letter to Accompany it, *viz.*

MADAM,

IT is a common Obſervation, that Liſteners never hear good of themſelves. For my part, I ſhall very little regard the Force of the Proverb, (however applicable it may be to me;) If my Clandeſtine Intruſion upon the retired Dictates of theſe Youths, will afford you any Satisfaction. I muſt confeſs, 'tis a ſort of a diſmal Story, which Phylander *gives, of the Paſſion you deſire me to Deſcribe: But it ſeem'd to me ſo very appoſite to your Requeſt, that I cou'd not but recite it. I have had too large an Experience of your Ingenuity, in the leaſt to doubt of your Candor; and therefore, tho' my Imperfections in the Recital be never*

never ſo apparent, I don't fear (if not an Excuſe) at leaſt a Pardon. I am Madam, your humble Servant to Command,

Panaretus.

Soon after *Panaretus* had wrote this Letter, and Pack'd it up with his Poem, in order to ſend them to *Dorinda*: *Phylaſtratus* having been Abſent from him now a full Week, thought high time to pay him another Viſit, and inquire whether he'd done the Task *Dorinda* had allotted him. Accordingly, he goes to their uſual Place of Rendezvous, and ſends for him. *Panaretus* quickly obey'd his Summons, and knowing who 'twas that ſent for him, came immediately, and brought his little Packet along with him. Being come, *Phylaſtratus* ſoon gave him to underſtand, that he was ſhortly to go to *Dorinda*, and therefore firſt came to him, to know whether he had made any Progreſs, in what She deſired of him. *Panaretus* reply'd, "Yes he had done

done it, and made a moſt terrible Story and by way of Precaution, ſaid, "If "*Dorinda* ſhou'd ask whether I have ever "a Miſtreſs nam'd *Cælia*, I wou'd not "have you Inform her, becauſe I wou'd "not have her have the leaſt Appre- "henſion, that Name is any ways void "of Fiction any more than the Reſt. *Phylaſtratus* ſmiling at this, by an eluſive Nod, ſeem'd to comply with his Deſire, and after (having upon his leave read the Paſtoral) put up the whole Packet into his Pocket, promiſing it ſhou'd not be long out of *Dorinda*'s Hands: And having ſounded him about *Cælia*, to know whether he ſtill retain'd the ſame Mind of her Innocence, and upon his ſo doing, found no alteration in his Sentiments concerning her, from what he expreſs'd when he was with him, before he parted with him, reſolving immediately to go to *Dorinda*, and ſee what face things bore with her; and agreeably Poſted thither with great Precipitation.

The nimbleneſs of his Steps, having ſoon

ſoon brought him to her Door, after an obſequious Wrap, he at once found himſelf receiv'd, and conducted with abundance of Joy by Old *Vulpone*, into the Room were *Dorinda* was all alone. Being ſeated, her Eagerneſs to know, whether *Panaretus* had comply'd with her Requeſt, gave no room for any thing elſe; and therefore, She preſently Accoſted him with abundance of Queſtions about *Panaretus*'s Reception of her Letter: "What he ſaid to it? Whe-"ther he comply'd with it? Whether "he'd done what She deſir'd in it? With a great many more of the ſame Tendency.

Phylaſtratus ſoon gave a Reſolution to all her Queries, by pulling the Packet out of his Pocket, and preſenting it to her, upon which, immediately opening the Letter, and Reading it, and being willing to hear her Darling *Panaretus*'s Performance, with the greateſt advantage; She deſir'd *Phylaſtratus* to Read the Paſtoral to her himſelf. To this he agreed, with abundance of Alacrity,

Alacrity, telling her "She cou'd not "have Requeſted any thing of him, "that he ſhou'd do with a greater De- "light: Adding, he cou'd peruſe it "for a whole Month together, with- "out Satiety; and proceeding to his Task, Read it with that Inimitable Beauty of Accent, and Turn of Oratory, as contributed no ſmall Matter to Rivet the Soul of *Dorinda* if poſſible, yet faſter to her Beloved *Panaretus*. He omitted nothing, that the moſt Ingenious Remarks upon it cou'd give, to add ſome freſh Beauties to it.

There was not a Line, paſs'd without its Comment; "And ſhou'd I tell "you Madam, added he, the Circum- "ſtances *Panaretus* was under when "he Wrote this, it wou'd fill you yet, "with greater Aſtoniſhment. *Dorinda* having heard with an exceſs of Delight, the Numbers of her Beloved *Panaretus*, ſet off with all the ſeveral Beauties of Wit, Oratory, and the moſt ingaging Harmony of Accent, found her ſelf wholly Confirm'd in her preceeding

preceeding Thoughts, of *Panaretus*'s being under previous Engagements to ſome other Lady; and thinking *Phylaſtratus*'s laſt Expreſſions, had given her a favourable Opportunity, of knowing all particulars; Diſſembling the concern She was under, as well as She could, with an extorted Air of Chearfulneſs, made *Phylaſtratus* a Reply as follows,——"The peculiar In-"genuity of *Panaretus*'s Performance, "creates naturally a deſire in me, of "knowing what theſe Circumſtances "are, which renders it ſo much the "more Surprizing. You to be ſure can inform me. "Yes Madam, an-"ſwer'd *Phylaſtratus*, I can; and tho "I know I ſhall Infringe his deſire "by doing it, yet I can't be Juſt to "his Merits in omitting it. Whereupon he gave her a Summary account of *Panaretus*'s Amour with *Celia*, and the Diſcoveries he himſelf had made of her Falſhood to him. The various emotions of Love, Joy, Diſdain and Indignation, that Revell'd in *Dorinda*'s

Breaſt, whilſt *Phylaſtratus* told her this Story, render'd her quite Speechleſs, She did not know how to contain her ſelf under the hearing of it. The unſhaking conſtancy of *Panaretus*, carry'd a thouſand Endearments along with it: The diſcovery of her Rival afforded her infinite Satisfaction; but when ſhe conſider'd her, as ſuch, and Falſe too, to *Panaretus*, her Blood boil'd with Diſdain and Indignation. That ſuch a Light, Contemptible, Falſe Girl, ſhou'd Reign Aſcendant in *Panaretus*'s Affections, and make her be Rejected, cut her to the very Soul. So Impetuous was the Rage ſhe conceiv'd at it, and ſo violent the Effect it had upon all her Paſſions, that She cou'd not hide her Reſentments even from *Phylaſtratus*. *Cælia*'s Falſhood and Ingratitude, was the ſole Subject of her Diſcourſe, for an Hour afterwards; She did not know when to deſiſt Exclaiming againſt her. *Phylaſtratus* for his Part omitted no endeavours to keep up the Fuel, and having continu'd

tinu'd to Exagerate her Fury for a conſiderable time, and finding Time now call'd for his going away: He ask'd her "Whether ſhe wou'd be pleas'd to "ſend any thing by him, to *Panaretus*, "it being now high time for him to "think of going; deſiring further, that "if ever She ſaw *Panaretus*, not to tell "him any thing he had told her, be-"cauſe he fear'd he wou'd be Angry, "having deſir'd him not to ſpeak any "thing of his Amour with her. *Dorinda* promis'd to be Faithfully obſervant of his laſt Requeſt, and as to his Firſt, told him, "She wou'd Beg him to ſtay a "little longer, becauſe ſhe wou'd will-"ingly ſend Two or Three Lines by "him, to *Panaretus*, to thank him for "his Kindneſs. To which he very readily Aſſenting, She retir'd and Wrote to *Panaretus* as follows,

Generous *Panaretus*,

I want Words to expreſs the many Obligations I lye under to you: The Account you have given of the Ingenious

Conference, you heard between the Witty, tho' unhappy Youth Phylander, *and his Friend is in every part ſo ingagingly entertaining, that I ſhall never be able to make ſufficient acknowledgments for it. The Language is ſo particularly moving, and the Name of* Cælia, *is mention'd with ſuch an Ardent Emphaſis, that ones Heart muſt be as hard as the* Adamant *inclos'd, not to be impreſs'd by it. Tell, Oh! Pray tell, that Lovely Shepherd* Phylander, *if ever you ſee him again, I ſincerely Condole the Unhappineſs he Labours under: And deſire him, deſire him from me, to Wear this Ring as a proper Emblem, of thoſe Tempers he has to deal with. Yours, the Diſconſolate,*

Dorinda.

This Day Fortnight my Unkle goes t of Town, and ſtays Three Weeks, I ou'd be extremely oblig'd to you, if you u'd take the Opportunity, of coming to me during that Time.

Having wrote this, She pull'd a very ne Brilliant Ring from off her Finger, d Inclos'd it in it: And then haſten'd

haſten'd to *Phylaſtratus*, deſiring him to Excuſe her leaving him ſo long alone, and to Oblige her ſo far, as to give the Letter to *Panaretus*.

Phylaſtratus, promis'd punctually to perform her deſire, and having again Intreated her, never to tell *Panaretus* of what paſs'd between them; took his leave of her.

After he was gone, *Dorinda* retir'd, the better to ruminate on the many unuſual Circumſtances of *Panaretus*'s Amour. Tho' She cou'd not think, without the utmoſt Deteſtation, on *Cælia*'s monſtrous Ingratitude: Yet She cou'd not but take a ſecret Delight to find She was ſo, ſince She was her Competitor in *Panaretus*'s Affection. Her wretched Falſhood She thought, wou'd render it much leſs difficult, to thruſt her out of his Heart; and therefore She concluded, if She cou'd but once make him ſenſible of it, her Work was Conſummate. The Methods of effecting this, were what She next revolv'd upon: And when

She reflected upon the ſtrict Silence, *Phylaſtratus* had injoyn'd her, it afforded her a little Perplexity. She found her ſelf ſo ſenſibly affected at *Cælia*'s proceedings, that to be debarr'd Expreſſing her abhorrence againſt them, was no ſmall reſtraint upon her. Beſides, She imagin'd it wou'd mightily endear her to *Panaretus*, cou'd She be ſo Happy, as to give him Intelligence of the Deception he was under; and any thing, which her teeming Fancy, cou'd Form to be pleaſing to him, neceſſarily carry'd ſeveral ſtrong Inducements along with it. But her ſtrict Promiſe of Silence to *Phylaſtratus*, was not to be Eluded, and tho' She cou'd not have the Satisfaction of giving her ſelf, an eager Remonſtrance againſt *Cælia*'s Black Ingratitude: Yet it afforded her ſome Conſolation, when She conſider'd, that, that Friendſhip which had led *Phylaſtratus* to diſcover her ſo far, wou'd naturally excite him, to Detect her even to *Panaretus* himſelf; and therefore ſhe reſolv'd, at leaſt for

for ſome time to let things take their natural Courſe: Nurſing up in her ſelf the pleaſant hopes, of having ſome more advantagious Circumſtances offer themſelves unto her in a little time, and thereby at once Sooth'd her vehement Reſentments againſt *Celia*, and in ſome meaſure diſipated her more Perplexing Solicitude about *Panaretus*.

In the interim, *Phylaſtratus* having in his Accuſtom'd manner, examin'd the Contents of her Letter, inſtantly haſten'd with it to *Panaretus* and gave it to him: Parting from him as ſoon as ever he had deliver'd it. For being ſenſibly touch'd with the baſeneſs of *Celia*, and mightily pleas'd to find his Deſign go on ſo Succeſsfully with *Dorinda*, he reſolv'd to loſe no time nor opportunity, of making his Friend fully ſenſible of the Falſhood contain'd in the former, and the Happineſs he might poſſeſs, in the enjoyment of the Latter. To this end therefore, he immediately went to *Sycophanta*'s Houſe, enquiring with a ſeeming Air of Soliciſ-

tude after *Cælia*, omitting no Geſtures, that he thought their Vanity wou'd take for Indications, of his having an extraordinary deſire to ſee her. *Sycophanta* ſoon taking theſe Hints, immediately gave *Cælia* notice of his being at her Houſe; and She having adjuſted her Baubles, as well as poſſibly She cou'd, upon ſo ſhort warning, preſented her ſelf to him, with all the alluring Airs, that her ſhort Practice upon her Glaſs, and the natural Levity of her Nature, cou'd any ways furniſh her with.

Phylaſtratus ſeeing her come ſailing towards him, as 'twere with a brisk Gale, immediately roſe up in order to carry on the Encounter with the better Advantage: And having ſaluted her, and elaborately Harangu'd her, upon her ſundry and various, and manifold, Beauties and Perfections, and thereby quitted the Room of *Sycophanta*, and her Emiſaries: He began artfully to expreſs a ſort of Diſidence, that *Panaretus* wou'd have the Preference in her Eſteem,

Eſteem, notwithſtanding his utmoſt Efforts to the contrary. Upon this, *Cælia* thinking there was nothing now to be done, in order fully to ſecure him; but to give ſome vehement Verbal Aſſurances, of his having no occaſion to have any doubts of that kind, immediately begain to be as full of her Vows and Proteſtations, as ever She was to *Panaretus*. But he pretended to be ſtill under I know not what, Fears and Doubts: She told him, She'd give him any ſatisfaction he wou'd require; upon which, he deſir'd her to Careſs him before *Panaretus*'s Face, and treat *Panaretus* with all the Marks of Scorn and Diſdain at the ſame time. *Cælia* very willingly conſented to this, promiſing to do it whenever he wou'd have her; whereupon, ſeeming to be entirely ſatisfy'd, having thus fully gain'd his purpoſe, after a ſhort Dalliance with her, took his leave and parted with her.

Whilſt *Phylaſtratus* was thus fully employ'd, in detecting *Cælia*'s Falſhood,

in ſuch a manner as to leave her wholly without Excuſe: *Panaretus* was engag'd with an equal Diligence in the Examination of *Dorinda*'s Letter. The Witty Correſpondency the Stile of it bore to his own, and the noble Generoſity She from thence took an opportunity to Exert; were things he cou'd not paſs by without various Reflections. And adding to theſe the inceſſant Fatigue he had undergone, to get a ſight of *Cælia*, in order to know what Senſe She had of their ſo long Abſence, and the continual Diſappointments he found in his Attempts, with all the Contempt and Ignominy that was, as 'twere ſhowr'd upon him by *Sycophanta* and *Demogoga*: Revolving withal upon ſome little Circumſtances that he obſerv'd even in *Cælia* herſelf, upon his accidentally ſeeing her at ſome diſtance in the Street, he began to entertain ſome light Thoughts of her being Unfaithful to him; and thereupon, Dilating a little further, upon the many perplex'd Circumſtances of his Affairs,

Affairs, brought himſelf with little difficulty to believe, that her ſo long Abſenting her ſelf from him, was not altogether againſt her own Will. No ſooner had this Thought gain'd admittance into his Breaſt, but that natural Jealouſy, which is always the neceſſary Concomitant of a violent Affection; made large Improvements of it, preſenting his Imagination with a Thouſand, either Real or imaginary Reaſons, to confirm him in the Belief of its Truth, and letting ſlip nothing that cou'd contribute to Afflict and Torment his Mind. Now all that cou'd Fire his Reſentments, Revell'd in his Breaſt, Love, Jealouſy, Rage, Anger, Diſpair, and all the other Impetuous Paſſions of humane Nature, made their ſeveral Attacks upon his Soul; here 'twas his Miſeries ſeem'd to accumulate themſelves upon him, and he under a fatal Neceſſity of ſinking under their Load. In this exceſſive inquietude of Mind, he ſeem'd reſolv'd wholly to abandon himſelf to his Grief.

Whe

When *Phylaſtratus* (having manag'd his Project with a pleaſing Succeſs, with both *Dorinda* and *Cælia*, and being willing *Panaretus* ſhou'd now reap the Fruits of his Labour;) was come to the Tavern where *Panaretus* and he uſually reſorted, and had order'd the Drawer to acquaint him, that he was there and wanted to ſpeak with him.

The Drawer having deliver'd his Meſſage, *Panaretus* promis'd to be with him preſently, and accordingly made his Appearance. When he was ſet down, *Phylaſtratus* obſerving an extraordinary diſorder in his Countenance, ask'd him, "How he did? Upon which, Anſwering with an Air of ſecret Diſcontent: He proceeded to preſs him, to give a particular Account of the Concern he was under. Repoſing a particular Confidence in the Friendſhip of *Phylaſtratus*, he proceeded very frankly to Aſſign him the Cauſe of his preſent Trouble: Recounting all his proceedings of late with *Cælia*, with the Treatment he had

had receiv'd, and his particular Obſervations upon *Celia*'s Carriage; ſhowing throughout his whole Narative, all the Indications of an enrag'd Jealouſy. *Phylaſtratus* heard him tell his Story, with the greateſt Pleaſure; and finding the Iron to be now hot, was reſolv'd to Strike, and thereupon eagerly Embracing him, he told him "His "Fears were not groundleſs: *Celia* "was really Falſe, Inconſtant as Wind, "the vileſt Crocadile not Hypocrite "enough to be her Emblem. Par-"don me, *Panaretus*, added he, if the "Friendſhip I bore to you, natural-"ly led me to make this Diſcovery; and then he proceeded to tell him all the particulars had paſs'd between him and *Celia*: Further alledging, that he deſign'd Correſpondent to his laſt Agreement with her, to let his own Eyes be the Witneſs of her Falſhood, with the Addition of the moſt ſtupid Impudence. *Panaretus* ſtood like one Thunder ſtruck at theſe Words; he found the Arguments *Phylaſtratus* gave

carry

carry immediate Demonſtration along with them, and tho' he cou'd not but applaud his Friendſhip, yet he cou'd not forbear with ſome Paſſion, to call him a very unlucky Meſſenger; it was a great while, before he cou'd ſtill his Tumultuous Reſentments: But being Reaſon'd into a kind of extorted calmneſs of Temper, by *Phylaſtratus*'s diligent Zeal for his Welfare; reſolv'd (after he had vented himſelf with ſome Paſſionate invectives againſt her Ingratitude.) to be himſelf a Spectator, in the ſame manner as was agreed by *Phylaſtratus*. After this, having fixt the Time, it was further agreed, that *Phylaſtratus* ſhou'd go firſt, and get *Cælia* to come to him; ſoon after which *Panaretus* was to follow; and then he was to put her to the Teſt.

Matters being thus agreed, next Morning *Phylaſtratus* goes in his wonted manner to *Sycophanta*'s Houſe, and ſends for *Cælia*; who quickly obeying the Summons, and being Seated down by him, and left alone by *Sycophanta*, the

the better to carry on their Story: After ſome little Dalliances had paſs'd, he began to Remind her of her Promiſe, when he was laſt with her; telling her "He cou'd never be fully "ſatisfy'd ſhe had a real Eſteem for "him, till She had perform'd it. *Cælia* altogether unapprehenſive of any deſign in *Phylaſtratus*, told him "She "wanted nothing but an Opportuni-"ty of giving him the Satisfaction he "requir'd; whereupon, ſeeming mightily pleas'd: Having talk'd away Half an Hour, he found his Ears ſaluted with the agreeable ſound of a wrap by *Panaretus* at the Door. No ſooner was he enter'd, but *Sycophanta* having ſpied him, came running almoſt Breathleſs, telling them with great Confuſion, *Panaretus* was come, asking them both how She ſhou'd ſhove him off. *Cælia* willing to ſhow an extraordinary readineſs, to oblige her new Gallant, bid her let him come in: And *Phylaſtratus* ſeeming with ſome Reluctancy to comply with the Motion; he

was

was accordingly, with a pouting Look, conducted in by *Sycophanta*. *Panaretus* being enter'd the Room, where his Friend and *Cælia* were, diſſembling his inward Diſcontent, as well as poſſibly he cou'd, immediately addreſſing himſelf to *Cælia*, told her, "She was grown "a great Stranger. At which, ſcornfully anſwering him, "So much the "better. He ask'd her, "What he "had done to merit ſuch Treatment? "I am not oblig'd (anſwer'd ſhe) to "to give my Reaſons to ſuch ſcribbling "Fellows as you. If my Company is "troubleſome to you, (reply'd *Panare-* "*tus*) you may ſoon be rid on't. The "ſooner the better, anſwer'd ſhe. Upon which, *Panaretus* going to quit the Room, *Phylaſtratus* privately tip'd him the Wink to ſtay a little longer; and thereupon taking *Cælia* by the Hand, ſaid, "I doubt you're angry, Madam. "I don't love to ſee you diſpleas'd; I "ſhould be very ſorry if I thought I "was burdenſome to you. Pray, Sir, anſwer'd *Cælia*, with an exceſſive wanton

ton Air, "don't harbour ſuch a Thought. Upon which, *Panaretus*, unable to be any longer a Spectator, leaving them, ſhe turn'd her ſelf to *Phylaſtratus*, ſmiling upon him, and telling him, "Now "ſhe hop'd ſhe had given full ſatisfa- "ction. Yes, anſwer'd *Phylaſtratus*, (ſpringing from her in a Rage, and following his Friend) "and him too, I "hope.

This ſudden Alteration very much ſurpriz'd her; but being of a Nature too ſavage to entertain any thing like Remorſe, tho' ſhe cou'd not think of loſing both her Sparks, without the moſt ſtinging Regret, yet ſuch a ſort of ſtupid Imperiouſneſs of Nature reign'd predominant over her, as render'd her obſtinately reſolv'd, not ſo much as to ſeem concern'd. She was not inſenſible now, that all *Phylaſtratus*'s Proceedings were purely to try her all along; but the ſame Malignancy of Nature, which had precipitated her to make ſuch a large Diſcovery of her ſelf, erac'd all the common Sen-

Sentiments of Shame wholly out of her Mind, and at once hurry'd her, deſperately to perſiſt, both in her Guilt and Folly. And here we'll leave her, the better to trace the Proceedings of her two Sparks.

Pylaſtratus having left *Cælia*, made all imaginable haſte to get to *Panaretus*, and having overtaken him, told him, "They would drink one Glaſs before "they parted. *Panaretus*'s Mind being under infinite Diſorder at *Cælia*'s Proceedings, wou'd willingly have declin'd drinking with him at that time, but *Phylaſtratus*'s Importunity admitting of no Denial, they went both together to a Tavern.

When they were ſeated, *Phylaſtratus* obſerving an exceeding Penſiveneſs hung over *Panaretus*'s Countenance, he earneſtly entreated him to ſhake off all irkſome Thoughts about a Girl that ſo little deſerv'd his Concern; largely inculcating the Happineſs it was to him, to perceive this before 'twas too late; preſſing him further, then to vent all his trouble

trouble about her in a Letter; telling him, becauſe it ſhou'd be Satyr enough, he'd help him dictate it; urging, that his writing to her then, wou'd give Eaſe to his Mind, and, he hop'd, prevent his breaking another Night'sReſt about her. To which *Panaretus*, after abundance of Perſuaſion, comply'd. *Phylaſtratus* immediately calling for a Pen Ink and Paper, looking over *Panaretus* whilſt he wrote, the better to promp this Reſentments, caus'd him to vent the tumultuous Paſſion from his Breaſt in the following Lines, *viz.*

Vain Ungrateful Girl,

I Shou'd have as little Senſe, as you have common Modeſty, if I ſhou'd think this Paper, wou'd either rouze your Conſcience, or make you bluſh: No, Cælia! *I know now, (tho' once I cou'd not have believ'd it) that you have neither Conſcience nor Shame.* Vain Thing! *Thy Folly will prove as great as thy Falſhood. For my part, I baniſh thee henceforth, ever from*

from my Heart: Thou ſhalt be as Contemptible as thou haſt been Perfidious to my Soul; and becauſe I'll be nobly reveng'd on you, I'll forgive you: So, farewel, Fooliſh Girl, *may thy Crime be thy only Puniſhment, and Heaven forgive thee as I do. Your vain Imagination, I know, has form'd to your ſelf one you like better, but you will never have a more Faithful, a Truer Lover, than always has been,*

PANARETUS.

PANARETUS having by writing this, a little relax'd his Mind, from that load of Anxiety that before ſo entirely poſſeſs'd it, ſoon began, by the briskneſs of his Aſpect, to give his Friend ſome Hopes that the Thoughts of *Celia* wou'd in a little time quite work off. All his Faculties began to make very great Advances to their wonted Vivacity, and that accute Vexation, which had, as 'twere, overſpread all the Powers of his Soul, ſeem'd now to give place to the more pleaſing Sentiments

timents of a generous Gratitude. He was not insensible, that this happy Revolution of his Passions, was purely owing to the friendly Vigilance of *Phylastratus*, and therefore he thought he cou'd never make sufficient Acknowledgments to him for it. "Oh *Phy-*
"*lastratus!* cry'd he, (with all the en-
"dearing Expressions of Love and
"Friendship) how can I be grateful
"enough, for the Pains you have taken?
"Oh! Shocking Thought! Why? Oh!
"Why must I seem to be false to one,
"who has been so kind, so true to me?
He went on with these passionate Exclamations, for a considerable Time: Being touch'd with the most perplexing Fear, that if ever *Phylastratus* shou'd discover his Proceedings with *Dorinda*, he wou'd impute not only Falshood, but the highest Ingratitude to him.

Phylastratus clearly seeing thro' the ambiguity of these Expressions, and fully apprehending the Cause of his Trouble, was unable longer to let him continue his Doubts, and therefore earnestly

ly embracing him, cry'd out, "Ceaſe, "O ceaſe! my dear *Panaretus*, to per- "plex thy Noble Breaſt, any more in "this kind; ſooner ſhall the Ocean "ſtop its Courſe, the Sun ſtand ſtill, "and all Nature be revers'd, than I "entertain the leaſt diffident Thought "of thy Faithfulneſs. I am not inſen- "ſible of thy Generous Conſtancy, both "to me, and the Ungrateful *Celia*. 'Twas "the knowledge of this made me put "that falſe Girl to the Teſt. I cou'd not "think a Light Inconſtant worthy of "*Panaretus*, and therefore I reſolv'd to "try her, as you find. 'Tis I, my dear "*Panaretus*, that am the only Agreſ- "ſor. And hereupon he proceeded to give him an Account of his opening all the Letters that had paſs'd between him and *Dorinda*; recounting every Cir- cumſtance from Firſt to Laſt, adding further, That he had purpoſely taken ſo much Pains to diſcover *Celia*, the better to render him able, at once to make both himſelf and *Dorinda* happy.

Panaretus being under the greateſt Surprize imaginable, at what *Phylaſtratus* related to him, found it no little difficulty for him to perſuade himſelf into the reality of what he heard. But *Phylaſtratus* having told him the Subjects of ſeveral of the Letters which had paſs'd between him and *Dorinda*, and ſhown him the Seal he had got grav'd, in order to counterfeit his, and thereby left him no room to doubt, ſmiling at the Oddneſs of the Story, he ask'd him, "Whether *Dorinda* was any ways privy "to his Proceedings? *Phylaſtratus* anſwer'd him, No, and deſir'd him further, not to acquaint her with the Diſcovery he had all along made, becauſe he was apprehenſive it would extremely perplex her, and, beſides, render him uncapable of carrying on the Plot any further. *Panaretus* promis'd to do as he'd have him; telling him, "He free-"ly reſign'd her up to him, wiſhing he "might have more Happineſs in her, "than he had had in *Celia*. *Phylaſtratus* reply'd, "He had long ago found

"no

" no other Notion of Happineſs, in re-
" ference to *Dorinda*, than by being In-
" ſtrumental to conduct her into the
" Arms of her belov'd *Panaretus*; and
" therefore deſir'd him to think of no-
" thing, but compenſating his loſs of
" *Cælia*, by the full Enjoyment of the
" much more deſerving and lovely *Do-*
" *rinda*.

This generous Declaration of *Phylaſtratus*, was acknowledg'd with all the endearing Expreſſions of the moſt enlarg'd Gratitude, by *Panaretus*; he thought he cou'd never ſufficiently expreſs his Thankfulneſs, nor expatiate enough on the Heroickneſs of his whole Procedure. That ſordid Narrowneſs of Soul, which is aſham'd to own a Benefit, when really conferr'd, never yet infected him. As he had a Soul large enough to be beneficent himſelf, ſo he cou'd never be found ſo meanly Invidious, as to detract from any thing that was truly great in another. But *Phylaſtratus* deſiring him to deſiſt any further Enlargements of this kind, tellin g him,

him, "If any thing he had done, me-
"rited his Panegyrick, he had copy'd
"it from him, and therefore he hop'd
"he'd excuſe thoſe troubleſome Inter-
"ruptions among Friends, Compliments,
"and fully ſatisfie himſelf, he eſteem'd
"himſelf amply rewarded for whatever
"he'd done, if thereby he prov'd ſer-
"viceable to him.)

Panaretus, with ſome Reluctancy, was content to be ſilent. And thereupon taking his Glaſs, joyn'd with *Phylaſtratus* in drinking *Dorinda*'s Health, ſtrictly promiſing the moſt inviolable Friendſhip towards him. *Phylaſtratus* return'd his Promiſes in equivalent Terms, and having, with infinite ſatisfaction, obſerv'd his Mind now to be all over calm and ſerene, he merrily ask'd him for the Letter he had wrote to *Cælia*, telling him, "He'd either carry it himſelf to
"her, or ſend his Man with it, that
"they might be the better aſſur'd ſhe
"receiv'd it. Whereupon *Panaretus* gave it him unſeal'd, deſiring him to ſeal it with his old ploting Seal. So after ſeveral

other ſuch facetious Turns had paſs'd between them, they parted for that time.

Phylaſtratus having hitherto carry'd on his Plot, with a continu'd Series of Succeſs, and having got *Panaretus*'s Letter to *Cælia* in his poſſeſſion; he reſolv'd to go and make *Dorinda* a Partner of that Pleaſure he found dilate ſo ſenſibly in his own Breaſt. He knew the News of *Panaretus*'s having caſhier'd *Cælia*, wou'd be exceedingly grateful to her; and therefore he determin'd to loſe no time before he had given her the agreeable Intelligence. No ſooner therefore had he parted from *Panaretus*, but he poſted directly to her Houſe, and being conducted to the Room where ſhe was, preſently began his Narrative of what had paſs'd between *Panaretus* and *Cælia*.

Dorinda receiv'd both him and his News with the greateſt ſatisfaction; and having with infinite Delight perus'd *Panaretus*'s Letter, ask'd him, "What "he deſign'd to do with it? Do with "it! Madam, (anſwer'd he) why ſend "it to her by my Footman, whom I've

"I've order'd to call on me, in order to "carry it to her. Will your Footman, "then, come to you here? ſaid *Dorinda*. "Yes, Madam, anſwer'd he. Upon which, *Dorinda* mightily pleas'd her ſelf with the Mortification 'twou'd be to *Celia*, to receive it from the hands of *Phylaſtratus*'s Footman; largely entertaining both her ſelf and him with a thorough Deſcant on every Circumſtance of it, till they found themſelves interrupted by *Phylaſtratus*'s Man's knocking at the Door. Being enter'd, and enquiring for his Maſter, *Phylaſtratus* order'd him, before *Dorinda*'s Face, to carry the Letter to *Celia*, and deliver it into none but her Hand; to which promiſing to be ſtrictly obſervant, he diſmiſs'd him.

When he was gone, *Phylaſtratus* again reſum'd the Diſcourſe with *Dorinda*, they were before engag'd in, and having fully recounted to her *Panaretus*'s Behaviour throughout the whole Interview, between him and *Celia*, ſounding thereby the ſecret Springs of her Heart; and finding abundance of

repeated Confirmations, both by her Words and Geſtures, that ſhe was ſtill entirely poſſeſs'd in favour of his Friend; pretending he took that Opportunity of calling on her as he came that way, becauſe he thought the Revolution that had paſs'd in *Panaretus*'s Affairs was ſo very extraordinary, that he cou'd not (having before given her a ſhort Account of his Amour) but acquaint her with it; after uſual Ceremonies paſs'd, he parted with her.

After he was gone, *Dorinda* exceedingly delighted her ſelf, in revolving on what he had related to her; ſhe fully perſuaded her ſelf, that now all her Storms were totally blown over, and all her ſucceeding Hours were to be fann'd with the engaging Breezes of gentle *Zephyrs*. She began now, in a ſort of pleaſing Delirium, to anticipate the ſeveral abſtracted Delights ſhe thought wou'd neceſſarily accrue to her, in the entire Enjoyment of her belov'd *Panaretus*; no Circumſtances that the moſt enlarg'd Fancy cou'd form, were paſs'd by

by without ſome pleaſing Reflections. Like the exalted Joy of Mariners juſt 'ſcap'd the various Terrors of ſome impending Rock, ſo did her languid Spirits again revive, and freſh Vigour fill'd her chearful Veins. All her preceeding Vexation and Diſappointments, were now paſs'd over in Oblivion, as if they were only the airy Phantoms of an irkſome Dream that is paſt. Nothing entertain'd her Thoughts, but the pleaſing Proſpect of a happy Futurity; and ſo intenſely was her Imagination fixt on the ſeveral delightful Scenes in the Proſpect, that nothing elſe cou'd be found of ſufficient force, to juſtle them out of her Mind.

Phylaſtratus, on the other ſide, with all that ſublimated Pleaſure, which truly great and generous Souls enjoy in being Beneficent and Kind; reflected upon what he had done. So enlarg'd and noble was the Emulation he had, of ſhowing as great Evidences of a real and diſintereſted Friendſhip, as he had found *Panaretus* ſo bright an Example

of, that 'twas his continual ſtudy, how he might, if poſſible, do ſomething that wou'd outvie him. The Succeſs therefore, he had hitherto had, and the probability conſequent thereupon, of his being likely to be inſtrumental in a very large degree, to the Happineſs of his Friend, were things that afforded a chearing Banquet to his Mind. So far was he from that abject Narrowneſs of Spirit which determines all its Acts of Kindneſs within the little Circle of Self-Intereſt; that he took a ſort of generous Pride, not only in being Friendly, but in hiding it when he had done. He thought the Benefactors being unknown, made the Benefit the greater; and was ſo far from the contemptible Loquacity of thoſe, who dun the Ears of all about them with a tedious Repetition of all the good Offices they've done; that he as induſtriouſly conceal'd them, as if the immediate Conſequence of their being known, were Shame and Puniſhment. The inward Complacency and Satisfaction of his own Mind, were

were eſteem'd, by him, an ample Reward; and therefore, (being encourag'd hitherto by a pleaſing Succeſs) he reſolv'd not to deſiſt proſecuting his Deſign, till he had at once conſummated both it, and the Happineſs of his Friend and *Dorinda*. His Mind, having regal'd it ſelf, with theſe, and the like entertaining Reflections, and laid down a Scheme of his future Procedure, now found it ſelf diverted by ſome Intelligence that was given him of his Man's being return'd, and having deliver'd the Meſſage he ſent him about, and then waited to know what was further his Pleaſure; upon which, ſending Word for him to come to him, and he thereupon preſenting himſelf, he examin'd him thoroughly about his management of his Errand.

His Man told him, "According to "his Command, he went to the Lady, "and upon his Enquiry after her, was "conducted to her, and having tho-"roughly inform'd himſelf that ſhe was "the Perſon he ſent him to, agreeable

" to his Order he gave her the Letter;
" whereupon, continu'd he, ſhe immediately
" open'd it, and read it over
" with abundance of Attention; upon
" which bluſhing, and looking exceedingly
" confus'd, ſhe ask'd me whether
" you ſent me. I reply'd, Yes, whereupon
" ſhe haſtily ruſh'd from me, and
" ſhut the Door upon me, giving me
" no Anſwer at all.

Having heard the whole Account, he diſmiſs'd him, afterwards mightily pleaſing himſelf with the Evidences *Cælia* had given of her ſecret and ſtinging Vexation.

Whilſt *Dorinda*, and *Phylaſtratus*, were thus differently entertaining their Thoughts, with the various Turns and Viciſſitudes of things; *Panaretus*'s Mind was no leſs fully employ'd. *Dorinda*'s generous Affection, *Phylaſtratus*'s unexampl'd Friendſhip, and *Cælia*'s black Falſhood and Ingratitude, were in their ſeveral Turns fully canvaſs'd in his Mind. *Dorinda* appear'd ſtrongly attractive of his Affection, and he cou'd not

not but entertain ſome Thoughts of offering it, as the juſt Stipends of her extraordinary Merits; but the Part *Phylaſtratus* had acted, ſeem'd, at preſent, to lay abundant greater Obligations upon him. Here he was quite amaz'd in the Contemplation; there was ſomething in its every Part, gave a vaſt Space for his moſt ſtretch'd Imagination to range upon; that he ſhou'd bear with patience *Dorinda*'s ſlighting his Suit; preferring him; making a Meſſenger; a Tool of him, with abundance more, that might be ennumerated of that kind; theſe he cou'd not but think were ſhocking Tryals; but that he ſhou'd know all this, and yet go on in ſuch a Noble, ſuch an Exalted Manner, to act the Tendereſt, the moſt Endearing Offices of Friendſhip, even to his Rival, this he thought was ſtrictly peculiar to him, and evidenc'd him ſomething more than Humane. Actions, like theſe, he thought, ſo largely aſſimulated themſelves to the Divine Nature, that it muſt neceſſarily be, the great Mover of them: But

when he yet trac'd him further, and with the higheſt Aſtoniſhment, reflected on the Pains and Fatigue he'd been at, to detect *Celia*'s Falſhood, and had yet further ſtill enhanc'd the unbounded Nature of his Generoſity, by reſigning up even *Dorinda*, it ſtruck ſuch an enlarg'd Senſe of Gratitude on his Soul, and fixt ſo many bright Ideas of him on his Mind, as render'd it hard for him to quit them, without making ſome ſlight Excurſions into Superſtition; ſo vaſt was the Opinion he had conceiv'd of him. As to *Celia*, he cou'd not, indeed, eaſily forget her, but her late Proceedings had ſo fully errac'd all his wonted Affection to her out of his Breaſt, that he entertain'd no other Thoughts about her, but what carry'd with them the accuteſt Senſe of Scorn and Contempt. He was ſo far from being in any Pain concerning her, that he look'd upon even her very Falſhood, to be the immediate Inſtrument of an Omniſcient Providence; and after he had fully attended to the ſeveral Circumſtances of his

his Affairs, at that Juncture, and found them all, as 'twere, with one Voice, plead *Dorinda*'s Cauſe, was reſolv'd to fall in with the Overtures ſhe made him, and transfer that Affection *Cælia* had ſo ungratefully abus'd, entirely upon her.

A Fortnight's time now being full paſt, ſince *Dorinda* ſent her laſt Letter to *Panaretus*, *Phylaſtratus* (knowing that to be the Time, *Vulpone*, according to her Account was to go into the Country) thought it now high Time to ſound *Panaretus*'s Reſolution, whether he deſign'd, agreeable to *Dorinda*'s Deſire, to give her a Viſit, during her Unkle's Abſence; and the better to inform himſelf, repair'd inſtantly to him. After he had ſent for him in his uſual manner, and they had reciprocally ſatisfy'd each other in the common Interrogatives of Friends that have been ſometime abſent from each other: He went on to enquire, "What his Reſolutions were with "reſpect to *Dorinda*? *Panaretus* re-"ply'd, he was really ſo all over poſſeſs'd

"wit.

" with Aſtoniſhment, at the unprece-
" dented Generoſity of his Proceedings,
" that he was incapable of making any
" Anſwer. Deſiſt, I beſeech you, ſaid
" *Phylaſtratus*, any further Compli-
" ments, and conſider, not ſo much
" what you are pleas'd to call my Gene-
" roſity, as the great Affection *Dorin-*
" *da* bears towards you; conſider what
" ample Rewards ſhe'll return your moſt
" enlarg'd Affection, and never let the
" brighteſt Lady in the Univerſe be loſt,
" under the Pretence of paying a De-
" ference to me. I wou'd not have you
" think I perſuade you thus, becauſe I
" have not a juſt Senſe of her great Per-
" fections: No! I am not ſo ſtupid
" neither; had I had the Happineſs of
" impreſſing her Heart, with any thing
" like that Paſſion ſhe ſuſtains for you,
" the greateſt Monarch on Earth ſhou'd
" not have tore her from me: Even
" *Panaretus* himſelf, I wou'd not have
" brook'd a Rival; but ſince All-wiſe
" Heaven ſeems to allot her as a Bleſſing
" peculiar to you; I chearfully acqui-
" eſce,

" eſce, and am ſo far from envying, that " I heartily congratulate your Happi- " neſs: Live happy therefore with " your lovely *Dorinda*, whilſt I ſhall " have this Felicity, however, to know " 'tis my Friend, 'tis *Panaretus* enjoys " her. *Panaretus* ſeem'd to turn this engaging Oratory of *Phylaſtratus*, with all the winning Rhetorick that Love, Gratitude, and Friendſhip cou'd ſuggeſt, promiſing him to go and viſit *Dorinda*, during her Unkle's Abſence; and to be ſtrictly obſervant of whatever elſe he ſhou'd require: At which, *Phylaſtratus* expreſſing Abundance of Satisfaction, after he had made him give him ſeveral ſtrong Aſſurances of his going to ſee her the next Day; he parted with him, infinitely pleas'd at the Succeſs he had found.

Agreeable to this Appointment, *Panaretus* (having inform'd himſelf that *Vulpone* was gone out of Town) went to pay *Dorinda* a Viſit. Being arriv'd at her Houſe, and conducted to her Appartment, by *Iſabella*, he found her in

in the utmoſt Confuſion at his Appearance: Tho' to ſee him, was what ſhe earneſtly coveted; yet, ſo accute was the Reflection of what had paſs'd between them, and ſo great the Aſcendancy he bore over every Power of her Soul: That the natural Vivacity of her *Genius* ſeem'd quite bore down, by his Preſence. She knew not how to Face a Gentleman, with whom ſhe had carry'd on, what ſhe cou'd not but eſteem, a continu'd Series of Extravagancies; tho' ſhe had hitherto always thought her Pen encounter, a Matter of the higheſt Difficulty to manage: Yet now ſhe ſenſibly experienc'd how much his perſonal Appearance ſurmounted it. 'Twas in vain for her to attempt, even to feign ſome ſort of Reſolution, the wonted Briskneſs of her Fancy, wholly abandon'd her, and the Native Beauties of her Modeſty, repell'd its utmoſt Sallies, and at once lock'd up her Tongue, and over-ſpread her Face with profound Silence, and confus'd Bluſhes.

Panaretus having fully obſerv'd her, eaſily gueſs'd the many Perturbations of her Breaſt, by the ſeveral Changes of her Countenance; and therefore addreſs'd himſelf to her, in all the moſt tender and indulgent Expreſſions he cou'd poſſibly contrive, to ſooth the various Cares ſhe ſeem'd ſo ſenſibly loaded withal. "Ceaſe, I beg you, "Madam, ſaid he, all further Diſor- "der, and let me not have this additi- "onal Misfortune to my other, to find "my Company diſtaſteful, even to "you. The Multitudes of Ills, that "have ſeem'd hitherto to have beſet my "every Verge of Life; have yet afford- "ed me this Satisfaction, that I, and I "alone, have been the Sufferer: But "to find my ſelf at laſt, the unhappy "Cauſe of ſo great Diſorder, in a "Breaſt ſo noble, ſo truely vertuous as "yours, adds freſh Pungency to my "Afflictions, and renders them inſup- "portable. Bluſhes are the Symptoms "of bodeing Guilt: Why then is the "eternal Nature of Things inverted?

"How

" How comes it, a Soul ſo unſtain'd, ſo " imaculate, as yours preſents the amaz- " ing Scene unto my Eyes? *Dorinda*, having by the greatneſs of her Attention to what he ſaid, a little ſuſpended the many Paſſions that before attacqu'd her found her ſelf now no longer able to ſuſtain the Violence of their Onſets; and therefore rallying her confus'd Forces together, as well as poſſibly ſhe cou'd, paſſionately rejoyn'd, as follows. " Oh! *Panaretus*, tho' thy win- " ning Eloquence wou'd charm the very " Angels; yet, vainly does it ſtrive to " ſhade the dazling Rays of more ſub- " ſtantial Reaſon; Bluſhes you truly " ſay, are Signs of bodeing Guilt; Truths " ſo flagrant are not to be eluded; and " tho' I can't but grateſully applaud the " indulgent Pity of your Wit; yet, I find " it equally impoſſible to diſſemble the " inward Sentiments of my own conſci- " ous Breaſt; in vain do we endeavour " for to fly, when angry Conſcience " hunts us: Nature itſelf conſpires a- " gainſt the harden'd Wretch, who

" thinks

" thinks to skreen his Crimes from Ven-
" geance, and ſpreads a dire Confuſion
" o'er that Face, whoſe faultring
" Tongue wont own its vile Offences.
She wou'd have proceeded, but *Panaretus* quite impatient, to find the genuine Intent of his Expreſſions ſo wittily inverted; eagerly embracing her in his Arms, entreated her in the moſt moving Language, to baniſh all ſuch irkſome, groundleſs Thoughts from her Mind, earneſtly deſiring her to believe, he had entertain'd no other Thoughts of her Conduct, but what were vaſtly wide of thoſe Conſtructions, ſhe ſo induſtriouſly put upon 'em her ſelf. Here 'twas he omitted nothing that the quickeſt Fancy cou'd furniſh him with, to ſooth the Concern ſhe was under; Painted in the moſt beautiful Forms, his inward Sentiments of her Merits; and gave ſo many evident Teſtimonies of the ſincerity of his Mind, as wholly diſpers'd the many perplexing Doubts ſhe labour'd under, and regal'd her Breaſt with the more agree-

agreeable Emotious of Content, and Satisfaction.

Our Couple having carry'd on their Enterview thus far to their mutual Satisfaction; and fully, as well as happily communicated their Minds to each other (after they had ſpent an Hour or two in thoſe pleaſing Endearments, that naturally attend Meetings of this Kind) reciprocally agreed to concert ſome Meaſures for their future Procedure. The Proſecution of their Amour, they both concluded wou'd neceſſarily be retarded if not totally hinder'd, ſhou'd her Unkle *Vulpone* be acquainted with it; the mighty Hopes he had conceiv'd of *Phylaſtratus*'s large Fortune, they were ſenſible wou'd not be eaſily ſuperceeded; and therefore they reſolv'd induſtriouſly to hide it from him, and refer the Conſumation of their Nuptials, 'till the Command of her Fortune came in her own Power. Upon this general View of their Affairs, eaſily collecting that they cou'd not ſo frequently enjoy each others Company, as they deſir'd; they ſoon

ſoon came to a Reſolution of making the utmoſt Improvements of their preſent Advantages they poſſibly cou'd; and therefore, quickly agreed to take the preſent Opportunity of *Vulpone*'s Abſence, fully to eſtabliſh their whole Scheme and give themſelves ſome particular Gratifications, which cou'd not well be manag'd when he came Home. Amongſt the many other Particulars that were the Conſequence of this Determination; one was a ſet Appointment, which they made, to Meet in ſome private Walks: The Day fixt was the third Day following, after which Aſſignation, having given each other the moſt earneſt, and repeated Aſſurances of inviolable Affection, they parted for that Time.

Dorinda, immediately retir'd to entertain her Immagination more freely upon the ſeveral pleaſing Amuſements of what had paſs'd: Whilſt *Panaretus*, no leſs Bigg with what had been tranſacted, directed his Steps with no little Precipitation, to the uſual

uſual Place of Rendezvous; and inſtantly ſent for his Friend *Phylaſtratus*, in order to give him the pleaſing Narrative of his whole Proceedings. *Phylaſtratus* quickly obeying the Summons, ſoon gave him an Opportunity of beginning his Story, and having, with a delightful Attention, heard a full Account of every Part of their Converſe, expreſs'd an infinite Satisfaction at the whole, but eſpecially at the Appointment he had made of going abroad with her. This ſaid he, is a Circumſtance affords me an exceeding Delight, becauſe I have a Mind from hence to take an Opportunity of putting her at once to a ſhocking Tryal, and giving an intire Solution to all her Fears about me for the future. And thereupon deſir'd *Panaretus* ſo to order Matters, that he might meet them out together, ſeemingly accidental, the particular Methods of affecting which, in caſe he was willing, he told him, they wou'd then conſult about. *Panaretus* very readily complying with the Propoſal, they mutually agreed, that he

he ſhou'd take her out to t'other ſide the Water, and between Three and Four a clock in the Afternoon, croſs over again with her to *Whitehall*, in order to take a Walk with her in the *Park*; where, in a ſeeming accidental manner, he wou'd meet them both in the *Mall*; by which they ſhou'd have the Pleaſure of ſeeing the Surprize ſhe wou'd be under, and afterwards of carrying on their Friendſhip in a more open, and to her, leſs perplexing manner. Having thus fully concerted their Meaſures, they reciprocally recogniz'd the Friendſhip they had as yet ſo inviolably continu'd, by a chearing Glaſs, and after having given each other ſeveral repeated Aſſurances of their acting agreeable to their Appointment, took leave of each other.

Whilſt *Panaretus* and *Phylaſtratus* were thus laying their Stratagem, *Dorinda* was no leſs buſied in the Reflection upon what had paſs'd between her and the Former. The Thoughts of her Walks with him regal'd her Mind with

ſo

ſo many pleaſing Amuſements, as render'd it very difficult for her to admit any thing elſe into it. Her fruitful Imagination dreſs'd it up in ſo many delightful Circumſtances, that the Intervention of Three Days ſeem'd to her a very tedious Suſpence; and not One Minute of it was paſs'd over without a ſort of anticipation of the Felicity ſhe propos'd then to enjoy. She eſteem'd her approaching Happineſs ſo wholly conſummate, as not in the leaſt to be incident to the common Viciſſitude of Things, and ſuch an unaccuſtom'd Serenity poſſeſs'd her Breaſt, and ſooth'd her wonted Diffidence, that ſhe knew not now what it was ſo much as to fear a Diſappointment. All other Buſineſs was ſo wholly ſwallow'd up in the Preparation for this, as if no other Part of Life were at all to be regarded; 'till Time (having heighthen'd her Expectations, by the nearer Approaches of the ſo long wiſh'd for Hour) call'd on her more immediately to fit her ſelf for the Reception of her Gallant. And having gain'd

gain'd Intelligence by her little ſide Utenſil, that *Panaretus* was nigh making his Appearance, preſently adjuſted all her Attire (with all the pleaſing Expectation of an eager Bridegroom, when rigging himſelf on his Nuptial Morn) in Order to give him the more ready Attendance when he came. The Morning being now come, and the Hour appointed very near, *Panaretus* having procur'd a Coach, order'd it to drive immediately to *Dorinda*'s Door; which being preſently arriv'd at, he found her with the greateſt Alacrity in the World, ready to fly into his Arms.

The mutual Deſire they both had of proſecuting their Ambulatory Enterprize, made them very brief in their Complements; and therefore, after ſome ſhort Salutations had paſs'd, he conducted her into the Coach, ordering the Coach-Man to drive them to *Saliſbury*-Stairs. Having receiv'd his Inſtructions, and mounted his Seat, our *Jehu* ſoon gave his Fare ſuch jumbling Treatment, as put *Panaretus*

naretus under the pleaſing Neceſſity of locking *Dorinda* faſt in his Arms, the better to fence her from the ſurly Wraps of the Side of their noiſy Receptacle, and give her a ſort of Specimen of the conſumate Bliſs of Love. Mean while our *Caſtigator*, regardleſs of what was done within, and fearleſs of Danger from without, drove on 'till he came to the Place allotted; when having by a ſtrenuous Tug, put Period to the Career of his reeking Drudges, with a clumſey Jump, and blund'ring Stagger, makes his Approaches to the Door, where pulling of off his Hat, and ſcratching of his Noddle, by the Help of an aukard Shrug, and ugly Grimace, gave them to underſtand they was arriv'd at *Saliſbury*-Stairs. *Panaretus*, upon this Information, having help'd *Dorinda* out of the Coach, immediately depoſited into the Fellow's Hands, Six-Pence more than his Fare; whereupon, with the wonted Inſolence, and Ingratitude of his Fraternity, he ſaluted him with, "a G---d bleſs you Maſter give "me

" me t'other Sice; upon which, being anſwer'd with a ſound knock on the Pate he bruſh'd off with what he'd got. No ſooner had he thus quitted himſelf of one Blockhead, but they found themſelves aſſaulted with at leaſt Twenty more, Yelping and Bellowing with a hedious Out-cry, as if they had a mind to break the Drum of their Ears: One Howling out like a fooliſh Puppy, or ill tun'd Bag-Pipe, " Scullers! Scullers! Whilſt another (that you might have the very Quintiſence of Diſcord) roar'd in your Ears, (with a Voice as deep as the Diapaſon of St. *Paul*'s) " Oars! Oars! being quite ſtunn'd with the repetition of this Mob Dialect, before they cou'd be heard which they'd choſen, at laſt, *Panaretus* found an opportunity of being heard to ſay Oars: Whereupon an Old Grizzl'd Fellow, with every Stud of his Beard, as thick almoſt as a Crow's Quill, lugging him by the Arm, Cry'd Here! Here. And by the aſſiſtance of ſtrong Lungs, and ill Language, made him intirely his Property. Having

thus got the Fare, and huddl'd them both into his Boat, he immediately follow'd, quitting the Shoar with Fire in his Looks, and Menaces on his Tongue. *Panaretus* having ſeated *Dorinda* now pretty regularly, and exceedingly diverted both himſelf and her, at the Scurrility of their Pilot: Was going to give him Orders where to carry them, but before he cou'd fully tell him, found himſelf and *Dorinda* accoſted with the engaging Appellations of "Whore and Rogue, with abundance more "of the ſame kind. *Panaretus* altogether unable to return their Water Rhetoric, was content to Laugh heartily at what he cou'd not Anſwer, till having gain'd a little Breath and ſome ſhort Quarter, he had an opportunity to bid the Waterman Row them to the *Spring-Gardens*. Upon this inſtruction, the ſpeed of their motion was redoubl'd, and beyond their expectation, they found themſelves at once reſcu'd from their Amphibious Antagoniſts, and juſt ready to ſet Foot again on Land. *Dorinda*

rinda very glad to be ſhut of her Scurrilous Companions, afforded *Panaretus* very little trouble to help her out of the Boat, tripping up the Stairs with the utmoſt Agility, and ſhowing in all her Actions, a readineſs to attend her Spark, where e'er he'd carry her. *Panaretus* having diſcharg'd their Old Badge and Jacket, immediately directed their Steps, and ſoon arriv'd to the Place aſſign'd for their Recreation.

At their entrance, being attended by the Menials of the Place, with their uſual Diligence; upon *Panaretus*'s Requeſt, they were conducted by them to an Agreeable Arbor, where the whiſpers of the Ambient Air, joyn'd with the ſweeter Harmony of Chanting Birds, gave them a moſt engaging Welcome. Nothing that the moſt enlarg'd Fancy cou'd form, and Teeming Deſire wiſh for, was here wanting; its retir'd Incloſure, and every winning Beauty of Fertile Nature, ſeem'd to Conſpire with a ſort of induſtrious Emulation, to add a freſh

Guſt to their Felicity. The fragrant Roſe, the verdant Graſs, and all the dazling Glories of a blooming Spring, entertain'd their every Senſe, and left nothing wanting, that the moſt fruitful Nature, yet more refin'd by Elaborate Art, cou'd produce to give them freſh Delight. Their Receſs being thus Decorouſly adapted to their deſires, and their Table plentifully (I need not tell you dearly) furniſh'd with the beſt Accommodations of the Houſe: After *Dorinda* had by Recounting ſome of the preceeding Circumſtances of their Affairs, put *Panaretus* to a Neceſſity of making his Acknowledgments for the preference ſhe had given him: She took occaſion, with an Air ſeemingly Accidental, to ask him "Whether "ſhe was the firſt ever had the Hap-"pineſs of gaining his Affections? The Homeneſs of this Queſtion, ſo unexpectedly put to him, caus'd a viſible Alteration in his Countenance, upon which taking advantage, ſhe importunately preſs'd him Ingenuouſly to confeſs

feſs "Whether ſome Lady had not really "been before her? *Panaretus* wou'd very fain have Eluded this, but finding it impoſſible to put it off, with ſome Heſitation confeſs'd, "He had ſome "light Thoughts of that Nature once, "but finding Ungrateful Returns, ſoon "quitted all Solicitude concerning it. *Dorinda* having puſh'd her Point ſo far, was reſolv'd not to let him reſt, till ſhe had made him Recount the particulars himſelf, of his Amour with *Celia*; but ſo artfully manag'd the matter, as fully to quit her ſelf of her Promiſe to *Phylaſtratus*, by giving him no Room to miſtruſt ſhe knew any thing of the matter before. *Panaretus* finding no poſſibility of avoiding diſpleaſing her, without complying with her Requeſt: After he had acquainted her how Ungrateful the Task ſhe had ſet him, was to him, proceeded to give his Narative as follows,

THE AMOURS OF *Panaretus* and *Cælia.*

NO ſooner had I paſs'd through the uſual Levities of Childhood, and arriv'd juſt to the Buddings of Reaſon, but I found my Breaſt impreſs'd with the moſt unaccountable Diſorder, and ſtrangeſt Emotions, it ever had before experienc'd. The native Briskneſs of my Temper, and Eaſineſs of my Mind, was I know not how, ſo all on a ſudden ruffl'd and confus'd, that I cou'd ſcarce perſuade my ſelf I was the ſame Perſon. Long was it, before the ſlender Stock of Reflection I was then Maſter of, cou'd Suggeſt the Cauſe of this alteration; For tho' I every Day experienc'd my Inclinations altogether E-

ſtrang'd

ſtrang'd from their wonted Bent, and all the Diverſions which us'd moſt ſenſibly to delight my Fancy, appear'd dull and inſipid: Yet it was a conſiderable time before I cou'd any ways account for the difference. Love was a thing, as yet my Breaſt had not been Suſceptible of; Its true, I had learn'd to Form the Verb *Amo*, through all its Moods and Tenſes, and knew likewiſe the difference between *Oſculor te*, and *Oſculor a te*: But yet, I never thought my ſelf any further concern'd in any of theſe things, than as they were a part of my Exerciſe. *Virgil* and *Ovid*, I was ſenſible made a mighty Splutter about ſuch Stories, but they were Gentlemen whoſe Company I'd part with at any Time, for a Game at Tag, or Hoop and Hide. But time, and the repeated inquietude of my Breaſt, at laſt made me too ſenſible I had Contracted a Paſſion which was not eaſily to be diſcharg'd; The Vicinity of my Fathers Abode to that of *Celia*'s ſo often afreſh reviv'd my diſturbance, that I cou'd

not always be ignorant ſhe was the Cauſe of it. Every Day gave me new Convictions, and tho' at firſt, I cou'd eaſily have imagin'd the Commotion in my Boſom, was owing to any thing ſooner than Love: Yet at length I cou'd not but know, that that, and that only, was my Malady. Being thus (by an anxious Reflection on the Circumſtances of things) fully convinc'd that my Play-Fellow *Cælia*, (for that ſhe had been from my Infancy) had inſenſibly got the Aſcendant over my Heart: I immediately found even the little Reaſon I then poſſeſs'd, highly Condemn'd and diſapprov'd of my Paſſion. Notwithſtanding the tenderneſs of my Years, ſeem'd to lay me open as an eaſy Prey, to any Aſſault of this Nature: Yet, by I know not what Impulſe, I had a Thouſand boding Fears inceſſantly wrack'd my Soul. I know not how it was, but in ſpight of all thoſe dazling Forms, my eager Paſſions, wou'd force my Fancy to dreſs her up in, I ſtill cou'd not but entertain

tain ſome Thoughts ſhe wou'd not Merit my Love. Do what I cou'd, my Underſtanding wou'd be arguing againſt me, and tho' the hurry of my Paſſions was ſo great, that they ſeem'd above controul, yet ſometimes it wou'd reſume its Power to check them. I found it impoſſible to be Sedate, and have a good Thought on her; there was ſomething whiſper'd ſhe wou'd prove Ungrateful, Inſolent, Unmannerly, *&c.* and leaſt that ſhou'd not be thought a Diſuaſive ſtrong enough, wou'd further ſuggeſt, ſhe really now was Moroſe, Fickle, or Unpoliſh'd at beſt. But yet ſo ſtrangely impetuous, and irreſiſtable was my Paſſion, that it bore down all Obſtacles, and by mere Violence drove my Will to form a Reſolution that ſhou'd conſiſt with its Gratification.

Youth, Paſſion and Folly, having thus bore down the more ſage Reſolves of Reaſon: I wholly gave my ſelf up to their violent Impulſe, and having by the nearneſs of my Reſidence to that

of hers, and her being ſo frequently before engag'd in my Company at the agreeable Paſtimes of *Hot-Cocles*, *One and Thirty*, *Queſtions and Commands*, *&c.* all the eaſineſs of acceſs to her I cou'd wiſh for, by aukard Heſſitations, ſheepiſh Looks, and ſeveral other rediculous Intimations; gave her ſoon ſuch ſhrewd hints, my Intentions went further than was common to Play-Fellows, as quickly ſet her to Conſult her Mother, and Siſter, about my meaning, and what returns ſhe ſhou'd make me. *Demogoga* and *Sycophanta* being thus fully inform'd of my private proceedings with *Celia*, preſently Collected what the tendency of them might be: And thereupon, immediately Documented their Young *Sycophanta* to carry her ſelf in ſuch a manner, as might ſecure me entirely to her Intereſt. Nothing of that innate Sullenneſs, and ill Nature which I afterwards found to be inſeparably united to the whole Family was then at all to be diſcover'd; but the ſweeteſt and moſt obliging behaviour

haviour, ſhe cou'd poſſibly carry on, was ſtrickly enjoyn'd her to be ſhewn towards me; and indeed, ſo well did ſhe keep up to theſe inſtructions for a conſiderable time, that ſhe abundantly ſeem'd to obviate, all that my Prophetic fears had ſo ſtrenuouſly urg'd againſt her.

All things being thus adjuſted for my carrying on my Amour with her, by frequently reſorting to *Sycophanta* her Siſters Houſe, I ſoon had an opportunity of Communicating my Paſſion to her, with the greateſt eaſe in the World; and therefore, taking the advantage when *Sycophanta* had left us alone together for that purpoſe, with Confuſion in my Face, and I know not what ſort of damp and awe upon every Power of my Soul, I abruptly deliver'd what my affection ſuggeſted to me. At my firſt Addreſſing my ſelf to her, agreeable to her Inſtructions, ſhe ſeem'd under the greateſt ſurprize in the World, and ſuch an (as I then thought) agreeable Bluſh overſpread her

Face,

Face, as gave her new Beauties I had never before diſcover'd; and after ſome little recollection, ſhe return'd the Offers I made in terms the moſt Obliging and Kind, I really cou'd have hop'd for: Nay, I muſt further ingenuouſly own, ſhe carry'd her ſelf throughout the whole interview, with ſuch an Air of Modeſt deference and good Nature, as ſtill aſtoniſhes me when I think on't. She was not above Sixteen when this paſs'd between us; an Age I thought knew no Obligations ſuperior to thoſe of Love, at leaſt, was very diſtant from the Arts of Deceit; but had it not been for you Madam, I had found my ſelf fatally miſtaken.

The Subjects of this, and ſeveral following Meetings, were reciprocal Promiſes of an inviolable Affection, till Time wou'd render it more convenient for us, to tye our ſelves yet more firmly, by *Hymens* Bands. Her Age being, as I before obſerv'd, not above Sixteen, and my own advanc'd not much beyond it: Upon the conſideration

tion of our Youth, and ſome other private Reaſons, in which my Calling was concern'd, I thought it convenient to defer our Nuptials for about two Years. *Cælia*, whoſe Part was now to be very Complaiſant, and good Natur'd, with abundance of Readineſs ſeem'd to acquieſce in what I offer'd; pretending her ſelf entirely ſatisfy'd, both with the Reaſons I alledg'd, and the Time I allotted; preſſing me further, very earneſtly, not to make any body privy to our Amour, but her Siſter *Sycophanta*, without whoſe Cogniſance we cou'd not poſſibly carry it on; to which, having immediately agreed, we went on to conſider of the Meaſures we ſhou'd make uſe of in order to carry it on with the utmoſt Secreſie. Lovers, you are ſenſible, Madam, ſeldom want any Inſtructions in this Caſe. For my Part, (having got *Sycophanta*'s Promiſe of her utmoſt Aſſiſtance) I was very little at a loſs for Contrivances, and found them anſwer'd with ſuch a pleaſing Succeſs, for a Month or Six Weeks, that I

cou'd

cou'd not think my ſelf any thing leſs than a Candidate of the *Eliſian-Fields*. For this Time I revell'd in all thoſe pleaſing Extravagancies, that Youth, and an eager Paſſion cou'd prompt me to; continually repeated, with the moſt vehement Ardour, the Teſtimonies of my Affection, and as continually had them return'd in the ſame manner; till being fully ſecur'd from making a Relapſe to ſober Reaſon, my Deſigning-Cabal thought fit to ſuſpend my *Fool's Paradiſe*, or at leaſt give me a more ſparing Allotment of it, the better to mould me to their Purpoſe.

Celia having given a thorough Account, to even the minuteſt Particulars of what had paſs'd privately between us; amongſt other things that afforded them Matter of Conſultation, the Propoſal I had made of ſtaying two Years, was what they cou'd by no means approve of. Delays of that kind, they imagin'd were dangerous; ſomething or other might bring me to the exerciſe of common Senſe, and then all thoſe great

great Hopes they had of making me the common Prey of the whole Family, had all been utterly loſt. It was immediately reſolv'd therefore, that the preſent Fit of Fooliſhneſs they had then ſcrew'd me up to, ſhou'd be improv'd to ſuch advantage, as might make me ſuperſede my preceeding Reſolution, and quite mad to huddle up the Match. The Reaſons I had given for declining Marriage ſo long, were too ſolid to be openly oppos'd; and then it wou'd have ſpoil'd the Pageantry of Modeſty alſo, if Mrs. *Cælia* was to appear forwarder than I, and therefore it was eſteem'd a more effectual way to give me ſo many vexatious Interruptions in my Amour, as might make me marry her in meer Pet. For the better effecting this, *Cælia* was to be continually buzzing in my Ears, her Deſire of keeping Matters ſecret; and *Sycophanta*, out of her abundant Friendſhip to me, was to acquaint me with the reaſon why her Siſter expreſs'd ſo much Uneaſineſs for fear of a Diſcovery; becauſe ſhou'd *Demagoga*

magoga have the leaſt Intimations of what had paſs'd. Oh dear! ſhe'd be ſo very angry, ſhe'd never be pacify'd. In the Interim, the better to ſtrike an Awe on me, *Demogoga*, her ſelf, whenever I met her, was to make the obſequious Crouchings of the Coxcomb; the agreeable Returns of Sour Looks, and ill Manners. Having thus unanimouſly concerted their Meaſures, each prepar'd her ſelf to act the Part allotted, as Opportunity offer'd.

Mean while, I full of I know not what Romantick Notions of the Felicity I had, and was to enjoy; thought every thing that diverted my Imagination from running upon *Celia*, an ungrateful Interruption of the moſt exalted Pleaſure of Humane Life: My Luxuriant Fancy painted her ſo extravagantly pleaſing to every Senſe, that I thought it cou'd never ſufficiently dilate upon her. Nay, ſo great was the Aſcendancy my Paſſion, or rather Folly had gain'd, that even my Reaſon ſeem'd to remit its former Sentence, and pronounce

nounce her worthy of my Affection. All my former Fears were now totally huſh'd and ſilenc'd, and ſo far was I from being in any Pain of that Nature, that I imagin'd my Happineſs already ſo conſummate, as to be out of the reach of any Diſappointment. To have entertain'd any Doubts of *Celia*, had been a great deal worſe than Blaſphemy; and to have pretended to compare her to any thing leſs than an Angel, the moſt vile Detraction. I ſhou'd aſtoniſh you, Madam, ſhou'd I endeavour to recount never ſo highly the exceeding Folly of my Thoughts; and therefore ſhall content my ſelf with thus barely hinting them, and proceed in my Story.

Being thus fully fluſh'd with the airy Conceit of the *Utopian* Happineſs I was poſſeſs'd of, I eagerly went on in my wild Facination, continually reſorting, in my accuſtom'd manner, to *Sycophanta*'s Houſe, and abandoning my ſelf of all the reaſonable Enjoyments of Life, wholly gave up my ſelf to the dull Expectations

pectations of ſeeing my Miſtreſs. For now it was the Scene began to be ſtrangely revers'd. *Cælia*, I'll warrant you, was as hard to be ſeen as the Emperor of *China*; and when, (by the Contemplation on *Patient Grizzle*, or ſome other bright Example of Note, I had ſooth'd the Reſtleſneſs of my Deſires, to a Degree below Frenzy; for, really to be Ingenuous, that was all I cou'd boaſt of) it was thought fit ſhe ſhou'd reward my two or three Hours waiting with her Perſonal Preſence: No ſooner had ſhe dandl'd her Fool out of his Pet, and tediouſly harangu'd me on the greatneſs of her Fear of her Mother's making a Diſcovery, but I was again put to a freſh Exerciſe of my Patience. The violence of my Paſſion, and Fondneſs of my Deſires having made me wholly quit all other Company, the better to let ſlip no Opportunity of ſeeing her; by that means I every Day ſpent, at leaſt, two or three Hours to wait for her Company; never, certainly, was a more diligent Coxcomb known

known than I was, but all in vain, *Celia* was not to be ſeen. Oh dear! ſhe was kept in very cloſe; and as for *Sycophanta*, ſhe, for her Part, was afraid her Mother had ſome Miſtruſt, and therefore kept her in ſo. But this was not all neither, for when by waiting two or three Days to no purpoſe, they had ſpun my Patience out to its fineſt Thread, *Celia* was detach'd to make her Appearance, a little to ſooth my Vexation: No ſooner was ſhe in my Company, but ſo full was ſhe of her pretended Fears, that even the leaſt Noiſe, tho' but the Jumping of a Cat, was thought ſufficient to put us to the Start, and make us huddle to hide our ſelves with the utmoſt Confuſion. It wou'd really excite your Laughter, ſhou'd I recount to you the many little Tricks they made uſe of to perplex and harraſs me; ſo arfully had they manag'd me, or rather, ſo abandon'd was I by common Senſe, that I know not any thing in the World I ever ſo much fear'd as *Demogoga*'s making a Diſcovery; her

her very Name was terrible to me, and tho' my manacl'd Reaſon wou'd often upbraid the Abjectneſs of my Fears, yet I found it impoſſible to quel them. It was full a Year before I entertain'd a Thought of freeing my ſelf from ſo vile a Slavery, when being quite wearied out, with that continu'd Series of Diſappointment and Vexation they inceſſantly gave me, I reſolv'd my ſelf to inform *Demogoga*, of the Affection I bore to her Daughter. This Reſolution, Mrs. *Calia* being firſt acquainted with, when ſhe had ſhewn abundance of ſeeming Reluctancy and Fear, was agreed to; and after She and *Sycophanta* had given me ſome ſhrew'd Hints of what they thought ſhe wou'd ſay to me, like a couragious Fellow, went about my Task.

Having accordingly made my Appearance, before our four Look'd Governante, and gave her one of the beſt Bows my Mother had learnt me, I was bid by her, with an Air between Gravity and Ill-Nature, to ſit down, which being

being done by me, ſhe began very learnedly to acquaint me, that her Room was ſad and dirty, and her Daughter *Celia* was ſo concern'd it ſhou'd prove ſo, ſhe did not know what to do: "For, added ſhe, "the Child is a very good "Houſewife, and, cou'd ſhe have her "Will, wou'd be continually rubbing "and ſcrubbing of Things over. The old *Trot* wou'd have gone on to gabble her ſelf out of breath, and me out of Patience, with this, and ſuch like impertinent Cant upon her Daughter *Celia*'s Induſtry, but I, (being quite tir'd with the *Preface*, and not very well pleas'd with the way ſhe took to ſet my Mrs. off) ventur'd ſo far to ſtrain Courteſie, as to interrupt her, telling her, "Her Encomiums on Mrs. *Celia* "were altogether needleſs to me; the "great Opinion I had already conceiv'd "of her Merit, having abundantly an-"ticipated all that cou'd be ſaid of that "Nature; and, as an Evidence of it, "was then come to ask her Leave to "make my Addreſſes to her. My old

Termagent

Termagent being thus unexpectedly beaten out of her Road, and puſht home upon the Point, found her ſelf at a great Loſs how to anſwer me. The apparent Reſolution I ſhew'd when I ſpoke, made her afraid ſhe ſhou'd ſpoil all, ſhou'd ſhe ſeem to decline my Requeſt, and therefore, after ſhe had humm'd and haw'd a conſiderable time, told me, "ſhe was not wholly againſt my Re-"queſt; but then her Daughter was "Young, a-lack-a-Day, very Young, "Poor Child! And ſo are you too, and "what can you do together ſo ſoon? "Do! anſwer'd I, why kiſs one an-"other till we are fit to do ſomething "elſe. And here I again urg'd the ſame Reaſons to her very ſeriouſly, I had before offer'd to *Celia*, for deferring our Wedding ſo long, deſiring her further to conſider of them, and if ſhe did not eſteem them ſufficient, I wou'd act as ſhe wou'd have me. *Demogoga* unable to oppoſe the Reaſons I offer'd, ſeem'd wholly to concur with me, telling me ſhe wou'd give me another meeting, and then

then would give me her full Reſolution in the Interim, giving me full Licence and Authority to kiſs her Daughter.

I need not tell you, I was now again big with a thouſand extravagant Chymera's, of I know not what ſort of uninterrupted Felicity; nor again trouble you with an Account of the ridiculous Vanity of my Thoughts upon this new Scene of my Affairs; for no ſooner had the idle Figments gain'd poſſeſſion of my Fancy, but I found my ſelf like the ſimple Calf in the Epigram, vainly endeavouring to gather Nutriment from the Teats of a painted Cow, and all the mighty Hopes I'd conceiv'd, flamm'd off with a Cloud inſtead of the Goddeſs. *Demogoga*, tho' ſhe could not avow her Diſſent from the Reaſons I offer'd, for not conſummating my Nuptials immediately, yet cou'd not find her ſelf eaſie to quit her firſt purpoſe, of continuing to plague and diſappoint me, till ſhe had merely fretted me into a Compliance with her Deſires; beſides,

ſides, by a peculiar Malignancy of Nature, ſhe ſeem'd to delight and pride her ſelf in being Vexatious. There was no one Part of Life, ſhe appear'd more eagerly to purſue, than that of endeavouring to blaſt other People's Enjoyments; ſomething in her had a ſecret Pleaſure in the Misfortunes of others, and ſuch an inbred Venom attended every thing ſhe was concern'd in, as render'd her One continu'd Plague, to all about her, worſe than *Egypt*'s Ten. If ſhe might ever, in proper Senſe, be ſaid to be happy, 'twas only when ſhe had ſome way or other, contributed to the Miſery of others; the ſight of her Neighbours Proſperity, was a ſure Conſumption to her Bowels; and when ſhe obſerv'd the leaſt Chearfulneſs in their Looks, it made her quite ſick. That ſhe might therefore make good, both her Purpoſe and her Character, contrary to our preceeding Articles of Agreement, *Celia* was order'd to abſent her ſelf, *Sycophanta* to put on her Mother's cloudy Looks, and ſullen Behaviour,

viour, and to treat me with all the Contempt and Indignities that Pride, back'd by Ignorance, and ill Nature cou'd poſſibly offer, was the Part ſhe reſerv'd in peculiar for her ſelf.

It is impoſſible to expreſs the ſtinging Regret it gave me, when I found them at the exerciſe of their ſeveral Parts. The moroſs Carriage of *Sycophanta* towards me, when I enquir'd for her Siſter, at once fir'd my Soul with Rage and Diſdain; I cou'd not tell how to brook the Load of Injuries ſhe daily accumulated on me. No Arguments wou'd be heard; 'twas in vain to aſk the reaſon of their Proceedings. *Demogoga* thought fit to keep her Siſter out of my Company, and what was that to me? Thus wou'd ſhe inſult even the moſt modeſt Remonſtrances I cou'd poſſibly make. Finding my ſelf thus even in the greateſt Fluſh of my Expectations, depriv'd of the darling Object of my Paſſions, I knew not for what; like a hungry Lyon that had loſt his Prey, I ſeem'd to threaten deſtruc-

on to all that came near me. A thouſand times I curs'd the Day that e'er my Eyes ſet ſight on *Calia*'s Face; and tho' I cou'd not perſuade my ſelf ſhe was any ways culpable of the leaſt Falſhood towards me; yet ſo keen were my Reſentments, and eager my Deſires of being reveng'd on *Sycophanta* and *Demogoga*, that I began to entertain a ſort of Wiſh, ſhe might prove ſo, that I might have an Opportunity of venting my Fury upon them. Never did greedy Miſer, in ſpight of Gout, and Widow's Curſe, drudge with more indefatigable Labour and Toil, to increaſe the bulk of his Soul-damning-Bags, than I did to ſee *Demogoga*; I hunted after her Night and Day; trac'd all the ſecret Avenues, and ſcandalous Conventions, ſhe us'd to reſort to; but found it impoſſible to get acceſs to her. She flew me like the Peſtilence, and well ſhe might, for I think verily, had I light on her at that time, I ſhou'd have ſpurn'd her under my Feet; ſo impetuous is the

Force

Force of an enrag'd and diſappointed Lover's Reſentments.

Our Cabal, (after having try'd Practices upon me in this manner for two or three Days) finding the Effect widely different from what they expected, began to think it dangerous to puſh things any further this way, leaſt inſtead of making me marry (as they wanted me) preſently, they ſhou'd at laſt put me into ſuch a Ferment, as might extort a Reſolution from me of never marrying, at leaſt, not *Cælia* at all. *Demogoga* found that her inſolent Ingratitude, in receding from our Agreement, was ſo highly reſented by me, that it render'd it very unſafe to continue the Practice any longer; and tho' it very much regretted their Pride, and natural Litigiouſneſs of her Soul, any ways to oppoſe what ſhe had once purpos'd, yet found her ſelf at laſt prevail'd on, to endeavour to reconcile me. And therefore 'twas unanimouſly determin'd, the next time I came to *Sycophanta*'s Houſe, *Cælia* ſhould be diſ-

miſs'd to me, and uſe all the little *Judas's* Arts ſhe cou'd think on, to ſtill the impetuous Rage I was in, and flatter me again into a good Humour.

Accordingly, the next Time I was come, with my uſual Rage and Indignation, to enquire for (or rather to ſurprize) *Demogoga* at *Sycophanta's* Houſe, the better to have vented my Reſentments on her, *Celia* having receiv'd Intelligence of my being there, immediately made her Appearance. When ſhe came in, I was ſtruck with the utmoſt Aſtoniſhment, my Heart was as 'twere overſpread with ſuch a convulſive Palpitation, as made me unable to ſpeak for a great while; but my young *Paraſite* obſerving the wild Diſtraction that hung over my Countenance, taking me by the Hand, proceeded ſo well to act up to her Inſtructions, as to bring the Fool, at laſt, out of his Dumps. Having thus, by her little Arts, brought me juſt into a Good Humour enough to give her an *Audit*, ſhe went on with an Air of abundance of ſeeming Concern,

to

to ask the Reaſon of the Indifference I ſhow'd towards her; and when by way of Rejoinder in the Agony of my Mind, I vehemently declaim'd againſt her Mother and Siſter, for treating me as they had done, and as is common to Minds under the accute Senſe of Injuries, exagerated every Circumſtance thereof; with all the Sweetneſs of the moſt modeſt Deference, ſhe ſeem'd to lament their Rudeneſs towards me, earneſtly entreating me to paſs it by for her ſake, and not any more to perplex my ſelf about them. I muſt confeſs, notwithſtanding my Blood boil'd with the Indignation which before had fir'd my Breaſt; yet ſo moving was her Behaviour, ſo more than ever before earneſt her Vows and Promiſes, and yet more irreſiſtable her Tears, (which ſhe had plentifully at her Command on this Occaſion) that I found my ſelf wholly unable any longer to retain my Reſentments. She ſeem'd ready to ſacrifice every thing to my Pleaſure, and gave, as I thought, ſo many endearing Proofs,

of an undiſſembl'd Affection, as left no room for any doubt of her. I ſhou'd quite tire you, ſhou'd I recount all the remarkable Particulars of her Behaviour at this time. She afreſh repeated all the preceeding Aſſurances ſhe had given me, both by her Pen and Tongue, of an entire and inviolable Affection, told me, "That neither Mo-"ther, Siſter, nor any other Conſidera-"tion in the World, ſhou'd ſtand in "Competition with me. And omitted nothing ſhe thought wou'd give me ſatisfaction of her Conſtancy. For my Part, tho' I was highly incens'd againſt her Mother, and Siſter, yet I found it no difficulty to think well of her; ſhe was lodg'd too deeply in my Affection, to need a long Apology in her Excuſe; every Syllable ſhe ſaid therefore gain'd an entire Belief from me, and I thereupon parted from her, with as ſure a Confidence of her being entirely my own, as if I had bound her faſt in the Matrimonial-Nooſe.

It will no doubt very much ſurprize you Madam, if I tell you here ended the Amour of *Panaretus* and *Cælia*, but the fatal experience I had like to have had of its truth, is ſo far from being a Miſtery to me, that I muſt confeſs, I cant yet eaſily forget it. When this laſt Loving Interview between *Cælia* and I happen'd, (for ſo it prov'd) I had carry'd on my Amour with her for about Year and a Half; and it having almoſt from its very firſt Commencement, been attended with ſo many perplexing Circumſtances, as render'd it a continu'd Series of Plague and Vexation to me, about a Quarter of a Year before I Communicated the whole Matter to my particular Friend *Phylaſtratus*, in order to get his Advice, and aſſiſtance about it, which he having promis'd me, from that time I gave him a thorough Account of all that happen'd; and ſoon after, by his acquainting me with the juſt Affection he had conceiv'd for you Madam, we became mutual Confidents to each other.

Our Affairs being in this preſent Poſture, Two or Three Days before I had ſpoke to *Demogoga*, (as you before heard) I receiv'd your firſt Letter by the Hands of *Phylaſtratus*. Who having afterwards heard from me what Treatment I had, took a reſolution immediately thereupon, of trying whether *Celia* was really ſincere or no, towards me, and wanting no Opportunity of purſuing his Purpoſe, immediately pretended to make his Addreſſes to her. The firſt time he had a ſuitable opportunity of ſpeaking to her in this Nature, was about Twenty Four Hours after ſhe had been with me, at which time, in about Half an Hour, he made ſuch an entire Conqueſt over my Miſtreſs, as quite ſhov'd me out of her good Graces. Having thus bobb'd me of my Dutcheſs, (as he has often told me) he expected, he preſently perſuaded her to Treat me in ſuch a manner, as makes me Bluſh to think I ſhou'd ever entertain any thing like a Paſſion for her. [here he recounted the particulars of her Carriage towards

wards him, when *Phylaſtratus* had by his Stratagem brought him into her Company, ſhowing the Copy of the Letter he Wrote to her, with all the other Parts which has been before related in their proper place] Her Carriage continu'd, carry'd in its every Part ſomething ſo aſtoniſhingly audacious, and void of common Shame, that nothing but the being an immediate Spectator, can convey any Idea of it to the Mind: And indeed, her Actions ſo well ſpeak her Character, that to attempt to draw it any other way, wou'd be an undertaking that carries with it, the higheſt Impertinence. And when I conſider, I was ſo fooliſh once to Love her, it makes me abundantly the leſs fond of the Task.

Thus, Madam, I have diſplay'd to you the greateſt weakneſs I ever yet was Guilty of; I doubt not, you will Eſteem it a Paſſion the moſt Violent, grounded upon the leaſt Judgment, you ever yet heard on: And I muſt be ſo Ingenuous to acknowledge, that I am not able to Aſſign one reaſonable In-

ducement to my Affection; had ſhe been poſſeſs'd of Riches, I ſhou'd be far from urging it, but ſo wholly uncapable was ſhe of making any Boaſts of that kind, that had I Marry'd her, I muſt immediately have furniſh'd her my ſelf even with Cloathes. In her Family ſhe cou'd produce none above a Mechanic, and that too of the moſt Servile and Laborious ſort. Her Education ſo mean, it ſcarcely rais'd her to the Knowledge of common Civility; and tho' her own Vanity and Folly, had pretty well eſtbaliſh'd her Beauty in her own Opinion, yet I believe I ſhall be the laſt that e're will make a Panegyric on it. And ſo much may ſerve for the Amours of *Panaretus* and *Cælia.*

I am very ſenſible Madam, your curioſity will naturally lead you to inquire how *Cælia* carry'd her ſelf after her diſappointment: And tho' I muſt needs confeſs it the difficulteſt part of my Narative, yet methinks, I ſhant half acquit my ſelf of my Task; if I don't

don't at leaſt make ſome ſmall Eſſays of this Nature. Finding her ſelf then, in the hieght of her expectations, treated by *Phylaſtratus* (whoſe generous Friendſhip diſplay'd on this occaſion, I can never ſufficiently acknowledge) and my ſelf, with that Juſt Contempt and Diſdain her Actions Merited, inſtead of reflecting on what ſhe had done with even the common remorſe of detected Guilt, gave her ſelf wholly up, to all the little invidious Practices of an inconſiderable peeviſh Malice, render'd yet more deſpicable by ſtupid Impudence, and ill Breeding. Tho' I cou'd not but with ſome emotion obſerve the wretched Ingratitude of her Soul: Yet when I ſaw the ſullen Sourneſs that ſo viſſibly hung over her whole Countenance; I cou'd not but Smile at the innate Baſeneſs of her Nature. The ſilly Baggage endeavour'd to vent her Spleen in Methods ſo void of common Senſe, ſo meanly Rude and Mobbiſh, that when I conſider what an Opinion I once had of her, I am really aſham'd

to

to mention them. She appear'd when ever I happen'd to ſee her, ſomething ſo ſtrangely ungain, and awkward, that for my Part, I know not what to compare her to, except that which the Learned call an Occult Quality. *Sycophanta* too put in for her ſhare of Ill-Looks, but that which afforded the moſt diverting Scene of all was *Demogoga*; ſuch a Malignant Spite, ſeem'd as 'twere to lurk under her Aſpect, as gave ſuch a rueful Air to it, that 'twou'd really prompt the Laughter of a Stoic to look on her. Envious People you know have always ſore Eyes, and to tell you the Truth, Poor *Demogoga* is ſo terribly afflicted with them, ſhe is not able to bear the ſight of me. You wou'd really ſmile to ſee how ſhe will huddle, without all manner of regard to her Corns, to avoid it. I muſt confeſs, indeed, I am a little cruel to her, becauſe I ſcarce ever ſee her, but I ſmile in her Face, but yet I can ſincerely alledge this in my Defence, that 'tis not the Effect of a premeditated Deſign to plague her,

her, but there is ſomething ſo out of the way ſplenetick in her Phiz, that I find it impoſſible to look at her, and be ſerious. But I ſhall have an Opportunity, I hope, ſometime or other, of letting you ſee them all, and then you'll have a juſter Notion of them, than any I can give you, by the moſt elaborate Deſcription, and therefore ſhall put a Period to this my long Story. This being all the Account that can be given by me, *PANARETUS*, Coxcomb in chief in the whole Affair.

Dorinda having given the moſt ſteady Attention to *Panaretus*, throughout the whole Courſe of his Story, (and found that elevated Pleaſure which is peculiar to a Breaſt inflam'd with the moſt ardent Paſſion, in obſerving the ſeveral Emotions of his Breaſt bearing an agreeable Harmony with the Language of his Tongue) let him proceed to the End, without giving him the leaſt Interruption. But now, at laſt, finding

finding his Silence, in reference to his Story, give her the Liberty of Speech, proceeded to divert both her ſelf, and him, with ſeveral facetious Remarks upon the many odd Turns of his Narrative. " Is this, ſaid ſhe, the ſame *Celia* that " was the Subject of your POEM? " Yes, Madam, anſwer'd he, the very " ſame; and the miſchief on't is, even " *Licentia Poetica* won't bring me off, " and yet that, and Liberty of Con- " ſcience, has juſtly been eſteem'd to " quit all the Vilains, Fools and Flat- " terers in the Kingdom. Had ſhe, " indeed, been ſome celebrated Jilt of " Quality, a few well-pen'd Lies, that " all the World is able to detect, might " have paſs'd well enough for ſome of " the ſublimeſt Flights of the Poet, e- " ſpecially if he wanted a new Coat; " but to uſe ſo much Fuſtian, without " ſo much as the Hopes of a Dinner, " will ever be adjudg'd, by all that " have any Taſte in Poetry, unworthy " of the Spirit of a Poet. Having mu- tually entertain'd each other with theſe

and

and ſuch like chearful Reflections, after they had taken a Walk over all the moſt pleaſing Parts of the Garden, the Time drawing pretty near that *Panaretus* had promis'd *Phylaſtratus* to be in the *Mall*; he propos'd the going there to *Dorinda*, as the next Place of their Diverſion, to which ſhe very readily agreeing they immediately quitted the Place, with the uſual Compliments, from its Attendants, in order to take Water to *Whitehall*.

Panaretus, the better to avoid being again ſtunn'd by the Vociferous Ruſticks, that in their wonted manner offer'd themſelves, having quickly declar'd his choice of One of them, was inſtantly ſeated by him, with *Dorinda* in his Boat, and with little or no Interruption in their Paſſage, landed at *Whitehall*, according to deſire; whereupon immediately diſcharging him, they proſecuted their Steps ſo as preſently to reach the *Mall*. The Time making very near approaches, that was appointed for *Phylaſtratus* to be there, *Panaretus* endeavour'd

vour'd to divert her as well as he cou'd by directing her Eye to the ſeveral beautiful Marks of Magnificence, that all round them preſented themſelves to their View: They had not reciprocally entertain'd each other in this kind, above two or three Minutes, but, on a ſudden, found their Ears aſſaulted with ſuch an unaccountable, promiſcuous Heap of Gabble, as made them have ſome Apprehenſions the Confuſion of *Babel* were again reviv'd, and that the angry Architects were ready to throw their Tools at each others Heads, for not being able to diſtinguiſh between *Bricks* and *Mortar*. The Variety and Eagerneſs with which the Sound was deliver'd, preſently caus'd them to look behind them, from whence they perceiv'd it plainly to come, when immediately they found the Scene no leſs ſurprizing to their Eyes, than confounding to their Ears. Such a Heap of Gold and Silver Lace ſwallow'd up their whole Eye-ſight, as left no room for any thing elſe but Wonder and Amazement. *Panaretus,*

naretus, for his Part, ſtood Gaping and Staring, like a Country-Booby at a *Rare-Show*, not able to imagine for a great while what they were. Their Sheepiſh-Looks, Antick-Shrugs, Creepeing-Gate, and every other Symptom of a light and inconſiderate Coxcomb, made him preſently conclude their Cloaths the beſt Thing they carry'd about them, but yet he cou'd not conceive how they come by them. Whilſt his Mind was fully buſied with theſe, and ſuch like Reflections, he found himſelf yet more ſenſibly diverted by One of them's pulling off his Hat, (with the moſt extravagant Geſtures and Grimace he ever yet ſaw) to *Dorinda*, and upon her making ſome indifferent Returns to the Ceremony, their all making their Approaches with ſuch aukward ridiculous Cringes, as wou'd be a real Diſgrace to a Monkey: Looking hereupon at her, and obſerving her ſmile, he reſolv'd to ſtand ſilently by, and ſee what they wou'd do, which he had no ſooner done, but they all began preſently to ſalute *Dorinda*,

da, with a, *Me be ver glad to delever you, Madam, from de Perſecuſhon of dis* Angliſh; *de* Angliſh *be ver dull, not fit to walk by you; dey no Aur, no Grace, me ſhow you*, &c. After which heap of bad *Engliſh*, and worſe *Impudence*, they offer'd to take her from him, at which *Dorinda* laughing very heartily, told him, "He muſt reſolve now to keep "his Miſtreſs by Knight-Errantry, or loſe her for ever. *Panaretus* ſeeing her rally him ſo merrily, and them ſo inſufferably Inſolent, cou'd not tell what to think, whether they were in Jeſt or Earneſt he cou'd not tell how to brook the impudent Language they jobber'd concerning him, and therefore immediately drew his Sword telling them, "If they "did n't give him their Room he ſhou'd "make a Hole in ſome of their lac'd Coats. Brandiſhing his Rapier hereupon, and evidencing by the Intrepidity of his Countenance, that he was reſolv'd to make his Word good, wiſely conſidering the Matter, and finding, according to their A-la-mode Way of Computation

tation they were not an equal Match to him, wanting juſt Three of being Ten to One, they all inſtantly vaniſh'd like ſo many *Meteors* in the Air; Happy was he that cou'd run faſteſt; 'twas impoſſible for the quickeſt Eye to purſue them ſo faſt, but that it wou'd loſe Sight of them in a Minute. Finding himſelf thus entirely abandon'd by his *Antagoniſts*, almoſt in a Moment, the *Mall* at that time happening to have very few in it, he had a full Proſpect of them, from one End to the other of it, which he proſecuted with as much Earneſtneſs as if every thing as he had in the World had been carry'd along with them, but having, by the exceeding Swiftneſs with which they ran, preſently quitted the *Park*, and ſo got out of his Sight; he ſtood ſtill, Staring, and Gaping, as motionleſs as a Statue. *Dorinda* having laugh'd her ſelf quite Breathleſs, at the Oddneſs of the Adventure, ſeeing the Confuſion he was in, pulling him by the Sleeve ask'd him, "Whether he was "aſleep? Aſleep! anſwer'd he, no. So far

" far am I from it, that I think I have " almoſt ſtar'd my Eyes out. Upon which finding her again laugh very heartily, " He ask'd her what ſhe laugh'd at? " Laugh at! ſaid ſhe, to think how you " were diſappointed in your *Heroes*, " you're Miſtaken in them, you cou'd " not have frighten'd them worſe, than " by threatning to make a whole in " their Coat; why there is not one of " them has allow'd himſelf a Belly full " this Two Years to get thoſe Cloaths, " and you'd have gone and been ſuch " a Wretch to 've made a hole in them " the firſt Day. Fye *Panaretus*, thou " art a ſtrange Vulgar Fellow I find, to " think all that Gold and Silver Lace " was made to Fight in, its well you're " a dull Angliſh as they call'd you, elſe " you wou'd not have been Ignorant " they were made to Dance in. To " Dance in! ſaid *Panaretus*, well then " I think they Danc'd off. For my " Part, I never ſaw Fellows run ſo faſt " ſince I was born; and how much ſo- " ever I might frighten them, I'm ſure

" they

"they put me into a Bodily Fear, and "had not *Dorinda* been the Matter in "Conteſt, I ſhou'd certainly been be- "fore hand with them in Running. I "cou'd think of nothing but *Julius* "*Cæſar*'s Fate, Two and Thirty Wounds "at leaſt; if the Dogs wou'd have "come to a Compoſition, I'd have given "them a Leg with all my Heart. But "Fortune, we truly ſay favours the "Stout, and ſo I'm come of Tite and "Sound. But Pray Madam, how came "you to be ſo Couragious all along, do "you know them? No ſaid ſhe, but I "have often heard the Creatures Chara- "cter from ſeveral young Ladies of my "Acquaintance, that frequently walk in "this Place. Pray let me hear it then ſaid "he, for their Actions ſpeak it a very "ſtrange one; ſince you have ſeen them "anſwer'd ſhe, you cant reaſonably "imagine any Deſcription of mine can "ſpeak it better. All therefore, I at "preſent requeſt of you is to put up "your Sword, for had I not been very "well aſſur'd, you'd have no occaſion

to

" to make uſe on't, I ſhou'd never have
" been ſo eaſy under the drawing of it:
" If you took me for one of thoſe ſtrange
" Fighting ſort of Creatures, call'd
" *Amazons*, you are far to ſeek in your
" Notions of me: Tho' to ſee *Panaretus*'s
" Courage is not at all unpleaſing; yet
" I muſt confeſs to 've ſeen his Blood,
" whatever Thoughts ſome Romantic
" Ladies may have of that kind, wou'd
" have run me into Diſtraction. *Panaretus* going to return her Complement, found himſelf interrupted by ſome Body hitting him a little Clap on the Shoulder, upon which looking back, he found himſelf and *Dorinda* accoſted with abundance of Ceremony by *Phylaſtratus*. The ſeeing him there, being before appointed was no ſurprize to him, tho' his catching them ſo pat without their in the leaſt perceiving him before, was ſomething beyond his Expectation: But it was not ſo to *Dorinda*, the ſight of him, put her in the utmoſt Confuſion imaginable; ſuch a damp overſpread her Spirits, that *Panaretus* had much a-

do

do to keep her from Fainting in his Arms. *Phylaſtratus* obſerving the diſturbance his Preſence gave her, immediately proceeded to give a Reſolution to her Fears, in the moſt indulgent Expreſſions of a generous Pitty, by fully acquainting her with all that had paſs'd between *Panaretus* and him, in reference to her; the truth of which, being fully confirm'd by *Panaretus* himſelf: In a ſhort time, ſhe again reſum'd her preceeding briskneſs, and made her ſelf in the moſt moving Language of Gratitude, her acknowledgments to *Phylaſtratus* for his Generoſity. *Phylaſtratus* gave 'em the moſt obliging Returns, promiſing to omit no endeavours of being ſerviceable to them both, in reſpect to their Amour, and after having given them abundance of evidence of the ſincerity of his Intentions, told them "he deſign'd to ſecure "them for that Evening, adding fur-"ther, he was Maſter of ſome Tickets "of a Maſque that Night, and therefore was fully reſolv'd, they ſhou'd

Accompany

Accompany him thither; to which, very readily consenting, they directed their Steps towards the *Hay-Market* accordingly. On the way, *Panaretus* entertain'd him with a full Account of his whole Days Adventures, particularly the terrible Encounter he had just then with the *French* Men; at which *Phylastratus* laugh'd heartily, telling him "he met them running as "he came in the *Park*: The Place "where I met them said he, was the "little narrow Alley, that comes into "the *Park*, where they came all run-"ning, as if they'd break their Necks, "but seeing me in the passage, fear-"ing I suppose, a second Attacque if "they jostled me, one of them very "Couragiously ventur'd to look back, "and finding no body pursu'd them "gave the rest Intelligence, that they "might slack their Speed, so they brush'd "by me very quietly; so that after all, "tho' you did not actually make a hole "in any of their Coats, yet the Cir-"cumstances of things render it some-

"thing

"thing probable, that their Breeches "might ſuffer ſome damage on your "account: This is certain, the Poor "Fellows were in a pitious plight when "I met them. Having thus mutually diverted each other, by the accounts they gave, they found themſelves now ready to enter the Theatre, which they had no ſooner done, but they found that equally ready to entertain them.

The Matter of their Entertainment was that inimitable Piece of Mr. *Congreve*'s, the Judgment of *Paris*. The whole Performance was carry'd on in every Part with ſuch exalted Strains, both in Numbers and Muſick, as will render it a continu'd Monument of that unexampl'd Strength of *Genius* all concern'd in it were the happy Maſters of. And in no Inſtance was the Three Goddeſſes conteſt more Famous, nor a juſter Subject for ancient *Bards*, than the excellent Competition between the Three incomparable Maſters, that lately ſet it to Muſick, will be to all intelligent Poſterity. The Beauties of Muſick, as

well as Features, ſeem'd to deſcend from Heaven, and appear'd to adminiſter new matter for Conteſt, which ſhou'd moſt ſenſibly delight the Spectators; and even the Divinity of the Goddeſſes, ſeem'd to receive freſh Beauties from the engaging Charms of their united Harmony. It were needleſs to tell you, that amongſt the many others that this excellent Maſque inexpreſſibly delighted, our preſent Company were ſome: It ſeeming in every Part ſo exactly adapted to their Pleaſure, that even the minuteſt Circumſtances of it were not paſs'd over by them, without ſome pleaſing Reflections.

After the Diverſions of the Houſe were over, *Phylaſtratus* wou'd take them home to his own Lodgings, where he had provided ſuch a noble Collation for them, as abundantly evidenc'd, not only the endearing Regard he had towards them, but alſo the enlarg'd, and unbounded Generoſity of his Nature. The regular Decorum, with which every thing was manag'd, being a ſtrong Incentive

centive to their Appetites, they all eat a very plentiful Supper, and after proceeded to all thoſe Diverſions that are common among Friends on ſuch Occaſions: Till the lateneſs of the Hour urging irreſiſtable Reaſons for their Parting; after they had reprocicably given each other all the endearing Aſſurances of a ſtrict and unalienable Friendſhip, they cou'd poſſibly think on, *Panaretus* and *Dorinda* took Coach, and parted with him. After this, the ſpeed with which they were carry'd ſoon bringing them to *Dorinda*'s Door, *Panaretus* having conducted her in, after ſome ſhort Endearments had paſs'd mutually between them, took his Leave of her, and then immediately re-entring the Coach, was upon his Order inſtantly drove to his own Place of Abode.

Leaving now our happy Aſſociates to make their ſeveral Reflections upon the preſent Poſture of things, our Story now requires ſome Account to be given of *Vulpone*; who ſoon after theſe things had been tranſacted, return'd out of the Country,

and no ſooner had got off the Aches which the Fatigue of his Journey had produc'd, but he began to be very inquiſitive with *Dorinda*, about *Phylaſtratus*, deſiring to be fully acquainted with all the Particulars of his Carriage, ſince his Abſence: In Anſwer to which, ſhe told him, "She was able to give no "Account of him, that was any thing "new, his Behaviour being no ways "varied from what it was when he was "preſent. Upon this, the Old Gentleman took occaſion, to tell her of his entire ſatisfaction of *Phylaſtratus*'s Merits, earneſtly preſſing her to comply with his Suit, and prepare her ſelf to receive him as a Husband. "You'll let him "ask me firſt I hope, anſwer'd ſhe, for "tho' I am ready to acknowledge with "you, that *Phylaſtratus* is a very Worthy Gentleman, yet I am fully perſuaded, to Marry me, is the leaſt of "his Thoughts, and I think verily a "little time will bring you to my Opinion. Depend on't Sir, Men of his "Fortune and Senſe, are not ſo apt to

"fall

"fall in Love as you imagine. They "Love to ſee the Vanity of the ſimple "Girls, as they call us, and therefore "they eſteem our Company a tolerable "Amuſement for Half an Hour, that "they know not how elſe to ſpend; but "to be Ty'd for *Better for Worſe*, is "what frightens them in the bare ſound. *Vulpone* Chaff'd heartily to find his Propoſals ſo droll'd on by her, but finding himſelf unable to hold the Conteſt with her, quitted the Room in a great Pet.

He was no ſooner gone, but ſhe immediately ſet Pen to Paper, in order to acquaint *Panaretus* with what had paſs'd, deſiring him to bid *Phylaſtratus* by degrees ſo to deport himſelf, as to confirm the Account ſhe had given of him, adding, that ſhe did not doubt turning his ſo doing very much to their Advantage.

Panaretus having receiv'd theſe Inſtructions, took the firſt Opportunity to Conſult with his Friend *Phylaſtratus* about them, and having to that pur-

poſe ſent for him as uſual, after a ſhort Debate, they came to a Reſolution as follows, *viz.*

That *Phylaſtratus* ſhou'd continue in appearance his Suit to *Dorinda*, as Vigorous as ever, and the better to keep Old *Vulpone* in the dark, ſhou'd expreſs, in general Terms, a greater ſatisfaction to him, in the Reception ſhe gave him. This, tho' it ſeem'd in ſome meaſure to Clash with the Propoſals *Dorinda* had made, was thought to Adminiſter more Room for carrying on their Scheme with the leſs Interruption. *Vulpone* being no ways likely to have any Miſtruſt of the Fallacy, when he expreſs'd himſelf ſo unuſually eaſie: So that by this means, he cou'd have an Opportunity of bringing them together, with the greateſt eaſe in the World. Mightily pleas'd with the feaſibleneſs of the Project, they further determin'd, to acquaint *Dorinda* with it, that ſhe might Act agreeably, which *Phylaſtratus* promiſing to do very ſuddenly; they put a Period to their Conference.

Do-

Dorinda being, accordingly, ſoon after fully inform'd of it, preſently fell in with the Project, promiſing to omit nothing that was Conducive to the better carrying it on. And indeed, ſo well was it manag'd by them all, for full a Quarter of Year together, that our Lovers ſeem'd to be wholly ſwallow'd up in Delight. Under the Umbrage of *Phylaſtratus*, they met together as often as they pleas'd, and Revell'd in all that abſtracted Felicity which only Lovers can Form any Notion of. But Heaven having yet a Deſign to exerciſe the Greatneſs of their Souls, by ſome further Tryals, leaſt they ſhou'd be too much weaken'd, by a continu'd Courſe of ſoft Delights, ſuffer'd ſuch a Gloomy Cloud, to be all on a ſudden ſpread over their ſhining Happineſs, as at once ſeem'd to unravel their whole Scheme, and blaſt even the Hopes of future Enjoyments.

Notwithſtanding by the aſſiſtance of *Phylaſtratus*, our Lovers had very frequent

Opportunities of Converſing with each other, yet ſuch an unaccountable extravagancy of deſire attended their Paſſion, as produc'd very fatal Effects. The many Opportunities they had of Communicating their Minds to each other when together, were not eſteem'd ſufficient, and therefore the Pen, as well as Tongue, was continually employ'd by them. By this means, *Dorinda*'s Pocket was conſtantly crowded full of *Panaretus*'s Letters, and happening one time to take ſome Snuff, that was ſtronger than ordinary, in her Unkles preſence, ſhe found her ſelf oblig'd to pull her Handkerchief with greater Precipitation than uſual out of her Pocket, with which ſhe inſenſibly pull'd alſo one of *Panaretus*'s Letters, tumbling it upon the Ground. *Vulpone* obſerving the Paſſage, by a fatal Itch of Curioſity, was reſolv'd by ſome Trick or other to get it into his Hand without her Knowledge, and thereupon, held her ſo earneſtly in Diſcourſe, as to get an opportunity to take it up without

out her having the leaſt ſuſpicion; and being poſſeſs'd of it, immediately retir'd to peruſe the Contents thereof.

No Language can here deſcribe the Rage and Fury that boil'd in *Vulpones* Breaſt at the peruſal of it; the ſubject of it happening to be ſo Unhappy, as to let him have a thorough light into the whole Intrigue. To find himſelf thus Egregiouſly Caſhier'd of all thoſe mighty hopes he had conceiv'd of *Phyſſtratus*, nay, that even he himſelf was an Accomplice againſt him, wrack'd his Soul with ſuch a peculiar Anguiſh and Vexation, as only a diſappointed Avarice can ſuſtain. However he reſolv'd as much as poſſible to diſſemble his Diſcontent, determining not to give *Dorinda* the leaſt Hints of what he had diſcover'd, but to go himſelf the next Day to *Panaretus*, and give him ſuch rough Indications of his diſapproving what had paſs'd, as might give him ſufficient diſcouragement not to proceed any further.

Agreeable next Day with Rage in his

Heart, and Venom on his Tongue, he went to a Tavern adjacent to *Panaretus*'s Houſe and inſtantly ſent for him, upon which immediately coming, after ſome very ſhort (and hardly Civil) Ceremonies, eſpecially on *Vulpone*'s part, had paſs'd, he immediately ſhow'd *Panaretus* his Letter, thereupon, accoſting him with all the ſurly Scurrilous Invectives he cou'd think on. *Panaretus* exceedingly ſurpriz'd at what he ſhow'd him, told him "He muſt Confeſs what "he preſented to him was his own "Writing, and if to Love his Niece was "a Crime, he might be juſtly deem'd "a Criminal. But withal modeſtly remonſtrated the Honourableneſs of his Intentions, urging all that poſſibly cou'd be ſaid in his Defence, except any thing that might in the leaſt ſeem to reflect upon *Dorinda*. But *Vulpone* was deaf to all Arguments, nothing but an inexorable Rage and Obſtinacy diſplay'd it ſelf in all he did and ſaid: He ſtrickly prohibited *Panaretus* his Nieces Company, adding Menaces to his Prohibitions,

hibitions, and not ſo much as limiting his expreſſions by common Civility. *Panaretus* told him "Did not the conſide-"ration of his Age, and being *Dorin-*"*da*'s Unkle put a reſtraint upon him, "he wou'd certainly find (however Con-"temptible he was pleas'd to expreſs "himſelf concerning him) that he knew "how to reſent the want of Senſe, as "well as common Civility he had diſ-"play'd; but ſince it was ſo, he might "reſt ſatisfy'd he ſhou'd be no further "troubl'd with his Company, and "therefore he need not give himſelf "the Pains to bid his Servant ſhut the "Door upon him, and thereupon Paſſi-"onately quitted the Room, leaving "Old *Gruff* to Chaw upon what he "had ſaid. But he having a Soul, that was not to be impreſs'd with any thing, but the curſed Deſire of Money, very little regarded the Violence of *Pana-retus*'s Reſentments; it did indeed af-ford him ſome Solicitude, when he conſider'd he was gone without pay-ing ſo much as his ſhare towards the

Pin-

Pint of Wine he'd had, but when upon his desire, the Drawer rested satisfy'd to take his Money off *Panaretus* next time he saw him, he trudg'd of very chearfully, mightily pleasing himself with the Thoughts of what he had done.

As for *Panaretus*, after in the Agony of his Mind he had left *Vulpone*, with the most sensible and stinging regret of Soul, he immediately directed his Steps to a Young Gentleman of his Acquaintance, that having got a Commission, was the next Day to go with his Company to *Holland*. When he was come to him, giving him a general Account of his having light on some vexatious Disappointments in some Affairs he'd been engag'd in, had taken a Resolution to Accompany him, for one Campaign. The Young Gentleman over-joy'd at the Proposal, was very little inquisitive into the Reasons he had, telling him he shou'd fare as he did, adding further, he believ'd his Interest was so great he cou'd get him a Commission, which afterwards he actually perform'd

perform'd; and having the next Morning a brisk Gale, they quickly found themſelves in the Territories of the States. Our Young Ramblers having got themſelves a tolerable Lodging at the *Hague*: *Panaretus* began now to think of acquainting, both his Father and Miſtreſs where he was, and calling for Pen and Ink Wrote to the Latter as follows, *viz.*

Thou Darling of my Soul,

THE Reaſons I had to abandon both you and my Native Land, your Unkle can acquaint you with, better than I; I wou'd only beg you not to afflict your ſelf at it, but believe that Heaven (what ever ill Aſpect things may bear now) has a deſign to make me worthy of you even in his Eye, who knows nothing Meritorious but Riches: Doubt not, Lovely Maid, but ſome way or other, the Innocence of our Love will be rewarded. I am now by the Generous Friendſhip of a Young Gentleman plac'd at the Head of a Company, and I am not in the leaſt doubtful, but the

the Thoughts of you will Inſpire me ſo, as to act agreeable to my Character. This you may depend on, how diſtant ſoever my Body be from you; my Heart, my Soul, ſhall never be ſeparated from you, but Bleſs you, even with their lateſt Breath: Believe me, thou lovely Innocence, I am, and ever will be, your entirely Affectionate Lover,

From the *Hague*, &c. Panaretus,

The Place of my Abode here being ſo very uncertain, I can't no ways direct you how to ſend a Letter to me.

Having Wrote this, he enclos'd it up in another, to his Friend *Phylaſtratus*, in which he fully acquainted him with what had paſs'd between him and *Vulpone*, deſiring him to carry the enclos'd to *Dorinda* himſelf, and giving him all imaginable Aſſurances of the Continuation of his Friendſhip, put an end, for that time, to the Work, he had allotted to his Pen.

Leaving now our Young Hero to the eager Purſuit of that Glory, which is com-

common to aſpiring and daring Spirits; the Courſe of our Story now, naturally, leads us to turn our Eyes to *Dorinda*. *Vulpone* had not in the leaſt Communicated to her what he had done, but was contented privately to hug himſelf with the Thoughts, of his having been as Crafty as they were Cunning; by which means, ſhe was not at all apprehenſive of what had paſs'd till about a Week after, when *Phylaſtratus* watching his Opportunity, when the Old *Chuff* was gone out, came and gave her *Panaretus*'s Letter. No ſooner had ſhe Read it, but ſhe immediately Sounded away, and when by the Care of *Phylaſtratus*, and her Maid, ſhe was again brought to her ſelf. So moving was her Complaints and piercing her Sighs. That 'twou'd have melted the moſt obdurate to have heard them. "Why, Paſſi-"onately Cry'd ſhe out, was I Born "to endure a Grief ſo piercing, ſo un-"equal to humane Nature! had his "Curſed Avarice run him, to've "riſl'd

" rifl'd me of all thoſe Gifts of Fortune,
" my Parents with ſuch Indulgent Care
" had laid up for me, Unhappy *Orphan*, I
" ſhou'd hug'd and bleſs'd my Poverty, if
" with it I cou'd have enjoy'd my beloved
" *Panaretus*, but to be depriv'd of him!
" This is to take my Fortune, my Life,
" and all that's dear away. *Phylaſtratus* did all that in him lay, to ſtill the tumultuous Hurry of her Paſſions, but all was fruitleſs, ſo ſenſibly was ſhe oppreſs'd by her Misfortunes, that ſhe'd admit of no Conſolation. Grief and Sorrow took an entire poſſeſſion of her Heart, and even the endeavour to Comfort her, gave a freſh addition to her trouble. However, at laſt, he perſuaded her to endeavour to hide her Diſcontent, at leaſt ſo far, as not to let her Unkle perceive it, and after having expreſs'd himſelf with the utmoſt Tenderneſs of a Compaſſionate Pity towards her; left her to ſooth the many Sorrows of her Soul by ſoft Repoſe.

After he was gone, *Dorinda* did indeed go to Bed, that her Unkle when he

he came in, might not obſerve the Diſorder ſhe was in, but as to Sleep ſhe was an utter Stranger to it; inſtead of that Calm huſher of all the Cares of buſy Mortals, nothing but new Agravations of her Miſeries, and Deſperate reſolutions of making ſome Repriſals on her Unkle, at any time cou'd gain Acceſs to her Mind. Having thus paſs'd away the tedious Hours of the Night, about One a Clock ſhe ſtruck a Light, and got up, after which, ſhe immediately proceeded to Pack what Jewels, and Money ſhe had, in a little Cabinet, deſparately reſolving to leave her Unkle, and that Morning to take ſome Stage-Coach, and extravagantly follow the wild dictates of her Blind Fortune; agreeable, having fully Equip'd her ſelf for the purpoſe, between two and three ſhe Sally'd out unperceiv'd by any Body, and directing her Steps to the firſt Inn ſhe came at, happen'd to light on a Coach that was juſt then going out towards *Harwich*. It was indifferent to her where ſhe went, and therefore having

having upon enquiry found there was a ſufficient vacancy in the Coach for her Reception, immediately agreed with the Coach-man to be one of his Paſſengers. Being Seated therefore with her fellow Traveller (which happen'd to be only one Young Lady) they inſtantly ſet out on their Journey. The Lady that was *Dorinda*'s fellow Traveller, was Wife to a Noble Man, whoſe Country Seat was ajacent to *Harwich*, and having receiv'd a Letter from her Lord, that requir'd her return into the Country ſomething ſooner than ſhe expected, her own Coach not being ready to attend her, was forc'd to make uſe of the Stage-Coach, being to be met, however, on the Road by her own, towards the end of the Journey. This Lady having now by about half an Hour's Travelling with *Dorinda*, obſerv'd an exceeding Dejection hang over her Countenance, took the freedom, as is Common in ſuch Caſes, to ask her how ſhe did? *Dorinda* whoſe Heart was now overwhelm'd with Grief, and

Eyes

Eyes brimful of Tears, being unable to make the Courteſy of her Requeſt, any verbal Returns: The Lady eaſily collecting ſhe labour'd under the Preſſure of ſome ſad Calamity, proceeded in all the winning Methods of Courteſy, and a generous good Nature, to endeavour all ſhe cou'd to get Intelligence of the Reaſons of her diſturbance; till *Dorinda*, unable any longer to contain the Impetuous Sorrows of her Soul, and won by the obliging Tenderneſs of her Carriage; burſting out into a flood of Tears, gave her the whole Narrative of her Tranſactions. The Lady quite aſtoniſh'd at the many ſurprizing Particulars of it, and the deſperateneſs of her Reſolutions, perſuaded her all, as in her lay, to return to her Unkle, but finding the Antipathy ſhe'd conceiv'd againſt him, impoſſible to be reconcil'd, ſhe Intreated her, ſince ſhe was reſolv'd to take up her Abode with Strangers, to let her Lord's Houſe be her Reſidence. *Dorinda* return'd the generous Hoſpitallity of her Offer, in the moſt endearing

ing Expreſſions of Gratitude, ſhe cou'd poſſibly think on, modeſtly declining the greatneſs of the Favour: But the Lady being too ſenſibly mov'd at the Account of her Misfortunes, and Solicitous for her welfare, to be ſo eaſily put off, ſtrenuouſly perſiſted in her Requeſt, and never left importuning of her, till ſhe had comply'd therewith.

Dorinda's Breaſt now was ſo fully enflam'd with a Senſe of Gratitude, at the engaging good Nature of her fellow Pilgrim, that ſhe thought her ſelf oblig'd as much as poſſibly ſhe cou'd, to relax the Trouble of her Mind, and ſhow her ſelf at leaſt a little Compos'd, in meer Complacence to her Benefactreſs. The penſive Air ſhe before had put on, ſhe fear'd might render her troubleſome, and tho' the Grief ſhe had Contracted, was too Potent to be eaſily repell'd, even from her Looks; yet the Obligations ſhe lay under to the Lady, ſeeming to render it neceſſary, ſhe induſtriouſly huſh'd the Riot of her Paſſions, and even forc'd a ſort of Glimering Light

—and

and Chearfulneſs on her Countenance. The Lady finding ſuch a happy change in her Aſpect, proceeded to tell her, that ſhe deſign'd to make her Lord believe, ſhe was a Couſin of hers, that was come with her to ſee him, giving her further, all the moſt generous aſſurances of her Friendſhip, and her utmoſt endeavours to engage likewiſe the ſame from her Lord.

Dorinda made her acknowledgments, with that engaging ſweetneſs of Modeſty, and deference to her Quality, as made her really delight to offer her freſh Favours. She thought ſhe cou'd never enough expreſs the Eſteem ſhe had for her; entreating her to take the freedom of a Siſter with her, adding, That ſhe wou'd in nothing ſo ſenſibly Oblige her as in doing ſo. "Let Madam ſaid ſhe, "my Houſe, my Servants, every thing "I have, be at your Command; uſe "them with as much freedom, as if "they were your own. It wou'd take too much room in theſe Papers, fully to Recount the many Reciprocal endearments

dearments of their Converſe, there being nothing omitted on both Sides, throughout the whole Courſe of their Journey, that wou'd any ways conduce to make them appear, every Minute, more Lovely in the Eye of each other.

Having, by this time, run very nigh the full Courſe of their Stage, they were acquainted by the Coach-Man, that the Lady's Coach and Six, now made very near Approaches; whereupon they both began to prepare themſelves to go into it, and finding it accordingly come up to them, *Dorinda*, and her Generous Fellow-Traveller, immediately enter'd it, and in an Hour's time after, found themſelves brought to a happy Period of their Journey.

No ſooner was the Lady enter'd her Houſe, and welcom'd by her Lord, but ſhe immediately deſir'd him to receive *Dorinda* into his particular Eſteem, telling him, as ſhe had before determin'd, that ſhe was a young Couſin of her's, whom ſhe had brought down with her for a Companion, and therefore deſir'd him

him to receive her as ſuch. The Lord finding *Dorinda* ſo particularly recommended by his Lady, and obſerving the native Sweetneſs, and Beauty of her Mien, abundantly attractive of Reſpect, immediately receiv'd her with that obliging Courteſy, which the Account his Lady had given of her, and the inward Senſe he immediately conceiv'd of her Merit, requir'd. But this did not content her noble Benefactoreſs, all the Servants in the Houſe, from the Higheſt to the Loweſt, were immediately call'd in by her, and ſtrictly enjoin'd to pay the moſt obliging Deference to her, and immediately to fulfil her Deſires, with as much Readineſs and Freedom, as if 'twas ſhe her ſelf ſpoke to them. After this, entertaining her with a ſplended Banquet, ſhe, her ſelf, conducted her to a very fine Appartment, for her Lodging-Room, ordering her Gentlewoman to be her Bed-fellow. Mrs. *Betty*, (for ſo we'll venture to call her, tho', ſome no Doubt will heartily contend that there ought to be ſome Deference

between

between the Title of my Lady's Woman, and that of every common Chamber-Maid) was very well pleas'd with the Poſt, her Lady had allotted her, and tho', I can't ſay, but a young Gentleman might have pleas'd her as well, yet, the chearful Aſpect, ſhe diſplay'd upon this Occaſion, ſhow'd however, ſhe cou'd be a little pleas'd at the Thoughts, even of a Female Bed-Fellow.

Every thing being thus generouſly accommodated, both to the Uſe and Pleaſure of *Dorinda*, ſhe found, (after ſhe had, about a Quarter of a Year, experienc'd the good Offices, the whole Houſe ſeem'd to take Pride in doing towards her) the Edge of her Sorrows for the Loſs of *Panaretus*, began a little to wear off: Tho' the humble Modeſty, and ſweet Affabillity of her Carriage, made her belov'd by all about her, and her Noble Benefactoreſs, took no ſmall Pride in the Kin, ſhe had adopted her to: Yet, ſuch a Secret Inquietude hung over her Mind till now; that however pleaſing

pleaſing ſhe might be to them; yet, ſhe found it impoſſible to be ſo to her ſelf. *Panaretus* was not ſoon to be forgotten, and tho' Gratitude, and Civility requir'd her to diſcharge her Countenance from all the Marks of Diſcontent, yet ſhe found it not ſo eaſy to quit them from her Heart: But Time, and the repeated Experiences ſhe had had of the peculiar Care, Heaven had hitherto taken of her; at laſt, darting into her Mind, the Repoſe ſhe ought, even in Gratitude to put in Almighty-Goodneſs, ſhe thereupon found her Mind immediately disburden'd of its preceeding Load of Anxiety, and ſuch ſecret Springs of Conſolation, ſenſibly dilate themſelves all over her Breaſt, as gave her ſome Sort of glimering Forebodeings of that Happineſs, Heaven yet deſign'd her.

Now it was, ſhe began to diſplay a Scene, that made all that ſaw her have a ſort of Doubt, whether ſhe was not ſomething above Humane. The Matchleſs Beauties of her Wit, and lovely Sweetneſs of her Temper, both render'd yet

more engaging, by a rais'd, and ingenuous Education, began a-freſh, to exert themſelves with that wonted Life and Vigor, as ever render'd her ſo juſtly admir'd by all that knew her. Amongſt the many Others, that made too peering Obſervations of her Perfections, to retain the uſual Tranquility of their Minds; the young Lord of that rural Manſion, ſhe reſided in, and Husband to the Lady, we have often before mention'd, notwithſtanding the Nuptial Obligations, he lay under to the Contrary, found himſelf too ſenſibly impreſs'd by her ſeveral Beauties, to look on her without ſome irregular Deſires. Whether the natural Diſpoſition of his Blood, or the too often more prevalent Contagion, with Gentlemen of his rais'd Character, a Looſneſs in Principle, that bears down all the great, and everlaſting Duties of Religion, as fit only to be exercis'd by the Mob, and ſuch like contemptible Tools of deſigning Prieſts; whether either, or both of theſe concurr'd, is not an Enquiry we ſhall

ſhall at preſent make; but that he was not over Induſtrious to curb the Ignoble (for ſo I muſt call them) Emotions of this Kind, the Event abundantly ſhews.

Dorinda happening one time to be retir'd to a very recluſe Part of the Garden, and ſpy'd there, by her Laſcivious Admirer, immediately found her innocent Solitude interrupted by the unexpected appearance of *Phylopones*, (for ſo we'll call our young Lord for the future) who after ſome ſhort Salutations, came and ſat down by her. Very ſhort was the Converſe held with her, before (being quite enflam'd by the new created Charms her Bluſhes gave her) he began with all the couchant Fawning of a mean and abject Luſt, to tempt her Vertue. *Dorinda*, ſtruck with the utmoſt Horror and Aſtoniſhment at what he ſaid, told him, "She thought "he had had a better Opinion of her, "than to think ſhe cou'd bear to hear "ſuch Language. No, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, with a noble Diſdain and Indig-

nation in her Looks, "I ſpurn the very "Thoughts of what you offer, and ſome- "thing ſo much above a Woman's Rage "has fir'd my Soul, that in ſpight of "the Obligations you have laid upon "me, methinks I cou'd give their Au- "thor the ſame Treatment. *Phylopones*, ſeeing the Violence of her Reſentments, thinking ſhe affected to appear Dramatic, told her, "He muſt confeſs, what "ſhe ſaid wou'd ſound very Grace- "ful from Miſs *Santlow*, on the Stage, "but every body knew, behind the "Scenes, the Story was quite turn'd; "and the ſmug young Fellows that "there ſtood upon the Dodg for her, "found it no difficult Task to convert "the Romantic Notions of the Maid "in the Mill, into the warm Careſſes "of a Nymph that has too much Beau- "ty, as well as Senſe, to ſacrifice all "thoſe exalted Pleaſures, that are ſo in- "duſtriouſly accumulated on her, to "the poor Lectures of a Parcel of old "envious Prieſts, who are themſelves "paſt the Taſte of them. See, Ma-

"dam,

"dam, the pretty Freedoms the little
"chirping Birds around us take; they
"bill, and quench each others amo-
"rous Fires, without any of thoſe idle
"Fears, which you amuſe your ſelf
"withal, and ſeem, by their after war-
"bling Notes, to triumph o'er the
"groundleſs Superſtition of us, (for
"whoſe Pleaſure they were made) in
"being more Timorous than they.
"Come then, Madam, ceaſe theſe irk-
"ſome Thoughts; this pleaſing Receſs
"ſeems purely made for Love, and the
"gentle *Zephyrs*, that all about us con-
"vey their winning Whiſpers through
"the trembling Boughs, like the Voices
"of ſo many *Cupids*, preſs you to make
"both me and your ſelf happy. You
"can't, you ſhan't deny, fear not thou
"lovely Nymph, we're all alone-- Alone,
"indeed, (anſwer'd *Dorinda*, interrup-
ting him) "when ſo fatally abandon'd,
"by Vertue and Honour. To laugh,
"my Lord, is eaſie, very eaſie, 'tis what
"we Women can do, as well as the beſt
"Free-Thinker of you all; but, ſure,

" bare Laughing will never alter the
" Nature of Good and Evil; if we do
" believe ſuch a Thing as a Heaven to
" reward Vertue, and a Hell, as the
" fatal End of Vice; if we do believe
" an All-wiſe, as well as an Almighty
" Judge, takes cognizance of every
" Action of our Life, and this, (how-
" ever Intelligent of late the Age is
" grown) ſome do, (at leaſt profeſs
" to) believe; ſurely you cannot think
" theſe are Notions, (were they ground-
" leſs) that are to be jeſted out of the
" World? Why then, is that boaſted
" Reaſon, which ſuch Gentlemen as
" you particularly glory in, wholly o-
" mitted, and nothing but that vagrant
" Levity made uſe on, even to debauch
" a Young, a Fenceleſs Girl, as wou'd
" make its very Authors bluſh, ſhould
" they ever recollect it? This is a Pra-
" ctice ſo common, that I can't but
" have ſome Emotion when I think
" on't. 'Tis not only my particular Caſe,
" but what my whole Sex have rea-
" ſon to complain of: No ſooner has

" our

" our Stature, (rather than Reaſon)
" advanc'd our Deſires above thoſe Tri-
" fles that us'd to delight our Infant-
" Years, and the fatal Flatteries of all
" about us, puff'd our eaſie unthinking
" Minds, with the vain Opinion of our
" own Perfections; but the ſpoil of our
" tender Innocence immediately com-
" mences the Buſineſs of ſome villanous
" Debauch. No Arts, no Snares, no
" Toils, are thought too much, to effect
" our Ruin; and when our artleſs Youth,
" at laſt, is fall'n their Victim, and the
" repeated Sacrifices we have made, both
" of our Virtue and Honour, have eraſ'd
" all Senſe of Guilt and Shame out of
" our Minds; the black, the helliſh
" Terms of reproach you treat the eaſie
" Proſtitutes withal; at once proclaim
" the wretched Condition of the Miſ-
" creants, and the curſed Ingratitude
" and Treachery of thoſe that firſt ſe-
" duc'd them. Is not this barbarous,
" My Lord! Can Villany, ſo black as
" this, become a Gentleman? Did Hea-
" ven give you that ſuperior Power of

" Reaſon, the want of which you ſo
" pride your ſelves in upbraiding us of,
" purely to make us with the more
" eaſe your Sacrifice? No more, for
" Shame, inſult us for being the Cauſe
" of the loſs of Primitive Innocence:
" Let your *Miltons* and *Bickerſtaff*'s, now
" employ their fine ſpun Wits in exa-
" gerating the ſad Reprizals your Sex
" has ſince made on us: Let them now
" paint the Baſeneſs; the Villany of
" your Proceedings with us; ſet forth,
" in lively Colours, our tender Inno-
" cence attack'd with all the Helliſh-
" Arts of the moſt experienc'd Debau-
" chery; and, above all, not forget to
" diſplay the Names you give us, when
" you have gain'd your Ends. Were
" this done, my Lord, the World would
" ſee ſuch a Scene of Villany, Trea-
" chery, Ingratitude, and all that's
" black and hateful, as wou'd ſtrike it
" with Horror and Amazement.

Phylopones, at once, ſtung to the very Soul with the Force of her Reaſonings, and charm'd with the bright Aſcendancy of

of her Wit, found himſelf unable, any longer, to retain the leaſt Thoughts of offering any Violence to her Chaſtity. That noble Intrepidity of Soul, and unſhaken Vertue ſhe diſplay'd in every Word ſhe ſaid, ſtruck ſuch a ſecret Awe on his Spirits, and damp on the irregular Ebulitions of his Blood, as abundantly guarded her from thoſe Indecencies, the Recluſeneſs of the Place where they where, might otherwiſe have encourag'd him to have aſſaulted her with. But yet, by I know not what uncouth, modern Notions of Gallantry, he thought it a Reflection upon his Wit, to appear bafflʼd; though he cou'd have been contented well enough to deſiſt any further Outrages; yet by his Silence tamely to own himſelf in the wrong, was what he thought was by no means compatible with that diſtinguiſhing Senſe, Gentlemen of his Character are always put up for. To be forc'd, at leaſt, tacitly to confeſs, all the darling, as well as faſhionable Principles of our Gentry, (who have taken

ſuch abundant Pains to refine our dull obſolete Notions, and made Religion the moſt eaſieſt moderateſt Thing in the World, ſo far from that ancient Ruggedneſs, as was wont to make every Thing elſe ſtoop to it, that rather than it ſhall give you any Diſguſt by what the Prieſts call, *earneſtly contending for the Faith*, even *Mahomet*, or what you will ſhall be reconcil'd to it.) To be forc'd, I ſay, to ſeem to own all theſe fine ſpun Syſtems, carry'd as much of the Villain as the Sceptic in 'em, was what he cou'd not yet bring himſelf to; rallying therefore his ſcatter'd Forces together as well as poſſibly he cou'd, he reſolv'd once again to endeavour to bear down his as yet too potent Antagoniſt. "Really, Madam, (therefore "return'd he) you rail with the moſt "Judgment I ever heard in my Life; "and but that you know there is ſome-"thing in your Face, that renders it "impoſſible for one to be angry with "you, you wou'd not, you cou'd not "talk at this ſad rate. For my Part,

"was

" was I not to look on you, methinks
" I cou'd be terrible ſtout againſt you,
" but to encounter your Tongue and
" Eyes too, is, indeed, above my Match.
" Why you're ten times worſe than
" *Sylvia*'s *Revenge*: Prithee, Child, have
" more mercy on us; for tho', it muſt
" be confeſs'd, we Men are, ſome of
" us, ſad Fellows, yet I wou'd venture
" to be ſworn, there is not One in
" *England* wou'd give you half the ill
" Words you have given them; ſuch
" ſour Notions as theſe, believe me,
" will quite ſpoil your pretty Face;
" your frowning ſo will anticipate old
" Age, and fix the Hag upon your Coun-
" tenance, before you're Twenty. Did
" you ever ſee a Witch? No, my Lord,
anſwer'd ſhe, " but I've ſeen ſeveral
" that have been bewitched, and that
" too with the moſt trifling inconſide-
" rable Vanity that e'er infected Hu-
" mane Nature: And now I find by
" your way of expreſſing your ſelf, yet
" think me touch'd with it, I can't for-
" bear taking this Opportunity of letting

" you

" you ſee all Women are not ſo weak-
" ly vain. Not but I muſt freely own
" even the moſt inſignificant Levity in
" the World, under the Management
" of One of your Lordſhip's enlarg'd
" Wit, and ſublime Education, may
" prove too forcible a Temptation to
" be eaſily withſtood, by ſome unthink-
" ing Girls, who were before altoge-
" ther unacquainted with the Practice:
" But to ſee ſome of my Sex ſo weak
" to be giggl'd out of their Vertue and
" Honour, by a Parcel of inſipid Cox-
" combs, (who Ape you in ſuch an
" aukward, uncouth manner, as wou'd
" at once make you ſmile and bluſh to
" ſee them) to ſee them, I ſay ſo mon-
" ſtruouſly Fooliſh, to take any notice,
" of ſuch ſilly Soul'd Creatures as theſe,
" makes me out of all Patience. When
" ever I think on them, they put me
" in mind of the fam'd Bird at *Athens*,
" ſaid to be all Face and Feathers; and
" I am fully perſuaded, ſo exact is the
" Similitude between them, that were
" it poſſible to take away their Impu-
" dence

" dence and fine Cloaths, 'twould in-
" evitably reduce their very Eſſence to
" its primitive *Nihil.* Oh, Fie upon
" you! (cry'd *Phylopones*) you talk ſo
" wickedly now, I don't know how to
" bear you: A pretty young Lady, as
" you are, and not like the *Beaux*;
" Come, come, Madam, in ſhort, you
" want to be better documented; not
" love ſuch a pretty ſoft tender young
" Rogue as a *Beau!* I don't hate him,
" my Lord, (ſaid ſhe) and becauſe you
" ſhan't think me worſe than I really
" am, I'll readily acknowledge all that's
" valuable in him I like well enough;
" the Lace on his Coat, I'm apt to think,
" I cou'd put to a hundred pretty uſes;
" the Coat it ſelf, I confeſs, is general-
" ly very well made, tho' if 'twere
" patch'd, 'twou'd certainly ſuit him
" much better; and, in ſhort, cou'd I
" perſuade my ſelf, his Head is of half
" the value of his Perruque, I allow
" him to be one of the fineſt Creatures
" in the World.

No

No ſooner had *Dorinda* ſpoke theſe Words, but they found themſelves interrupted by one of the Servant's approaching to acquaint them that Supper, and his Lady, waited for them; whereupon, immediately quitting the Place, ſhe was preſently follow'd by *Phylopones.*

After Supper, and ſome little Merriments had paſs, each prepar'd to retire to their uſual Repoſe. As for *Dorinda,* ſhe found very little difficulty in getting ſoundly aſleep; the whiſpering *Euges* of her own Innocence, and the Opinion ſhe had, that whatever *Phylopones*'s Deſign was, by his late Proceedings, (whether to try her Vertue, or gratifie his own vile Deſires) it was now wholly ceas'd, ſo fully flatter'd her with a thorough Security, that ſhe ſhou'd be no further ſubjected to any more Aſſaults of this kind, as quitted her Breaſt entirely of all Solicitude about the Matter. But 'twas not ſo with *Phylopones.* The ſeveral engaging Beauties of her Perſon, and lovely Delicacies of her Wit,

Wit, afreſh reviv'd the irregular Emotions of his Luſt: Every Reflection he made, upon what had paſs'd between them, gave new Ferment to his Blood; and ſo far was the noble Oppoſition ſhe made, eſteem'd ſufficient to awe him for the future, that it only ſtirr'd up in him the baſe Reſolution of being more Vigorous in his Attacks. Nothing but the firmeſt Purpoſes to debauch her, cou'd gain the leaſt admittance into his Mind; and ſo impetuouſly raging was his Luſt, that he determin'd to omit no Opportunity of effecting his Deſign.

His inceſſant Vigilance hereupon, and her being altogether unapprehenſive of his Intentions, ſoon preſented the luſcious Scene, of her all alone in her Chamber, to his laſcivious Eyes. The ſight of her under theſe Circumſtances, made him impatient of all reſtraint, ruſhing therefore eagerly upon her, without any further Salutation, he caught her faſt in his Arms, preſſing her bluſhing Cheeks with innumerable Kiſſes, and offering

every

every other Violence and Indecency, that an inſolent and ungovern'd Luſt cou'd prompt him to.

Dorinda, quite breathleſs with ſtrugling againſt him, and frighten'd almoſt to Diſtraction, at the unexpected Extravagancy of his Proceedings, finding her Strength not equal to carry on the Conteſt, in that violent manner, told him, with the utmoſt Rage and Diſdain in her Looks, "If he did not im-"mediately deſiſt his baſe and unge-"nerous Carriage, ſhe wou'd alarm the "Houſe, and, amongſt others, his ſo "unworthily injur'd Lady to her Aſſi-"ſtance. *Phylopones* obſerving too noble an Indignation diſplay it ſelf in *Dorinda*'s Countenance, any longer to hope to carry her by Violence, inſtantly quitted his hold of her, and abjectly proſtrating himſelf before her, us'd all the little mean Arts, the vile diſorder of his Blood cou'd poſſibly furniſh him with, to tempt her to comply with his Deſires. He left nothing unſaid that he thought wou'd any ways allure her, telling

telling her, " The Love he bore to her " was ſuch, 'twas impoſſible for him " to live and not enjoy her. Love me, " my Lord, ſaid ſhe, 'tis falſe, you " don't, you cannot love me; for if you " did, you'd ſcorn to tempt my Vertue. " Love! Is a pure, a Heav'n-born Paſ- " ſion, it can never, therefore, be the " Parent of Two ſuch hateful Crimes, " as *Adultery* and *Ingratitude*. Conſi- " der, conſider ſeriouſly, my Lord, how " you will curſe, curſe from the very " bottom of your Soul, that Tinſel- " Beauty, you now ſo much applaud, " when in your cool and ſober Reaſon " you reflect, 'twas that, that was the " means to load your Noble Soul with a " Guilt you never can ſufficiently be- " wail. Guilt! (anſwer'd he) What " Guilt can there be, when Charms " Ætherial prompt the Paſſion? Did " Heaven give us Appetites only to be " reſtrain'd? Impoſſible! They that tell " you ſo, themſelves don't believe it. " Heaven bids increaſe, and to ſuppoſe " it denies the Means of doing ſo, is

" to

" to reverſe its own Decree. The Crimes
" you fear then, are nothing but the Fig-
" ments of a melancholly Brain, which,
" wou'd you once have Courage to
" ſhake off, and taſte the Bliſs is offer'd
" you, you'd leave them with as much
" Pleaſure, as you firſt receiv'd them
" with groundleſs Fear. A Genius like
" yours, ſhou'd ſcorn to be hagg'd with
" the idle Superſtition of the Mob, this
" wou'd be to extend the Terror of thoſe
" Bugbears, you are ſo frighten'd with,
" further than their firſt Inventors de-
" ſign'd them, and make that, which
" like the Story of *Raw-head* and *Bloody-*
" *bones*, was intended only to ſcare Fools
" and Children, a means to pall the En-
" joyments of the moſt rais'd Capaci-
" ties. Come then, and let us wanton
" our Hours away in ſuch ſoft De-
" lights, as only Beauty like, yours,
" can give: Let us be as free as Air,
" and unconfin'd as Thought, and
" ſcorn to abridge our ſelves of thoſe
" Pleaſures, which the Vulgar there-
" fore

" fore fear, becauſe they don't under-
" ſtand them.

Dorinda finding he attaqu'd not only her Vertue, but the noble Principles with which 'twas guarded, began to think her ſelf oblig'd to anſwer him, not only in defence of her Perſon, but of Religion in general; and was the rather induc'd thereto, becauſe ſhe obſerv'd him ſhew ſomething like Triumph in his Countenance at his Performance. Fixing therefore, at once, that Majeſty and Sweetneſs on her Aſpect, which only a Mind unſhaken and innocent can diſplay, with all the Eaſineſs and Freedom in the World, gave his labour'd Harangue the following Returns. " How witty are we, (ſaid ſhe)
" in diſſembling the inward Senſe of our
" own Minds; and ſo fatal is the Preju-
" dice our Luſts put upon our Judg-
" ments, that there is nothing ſo mon-
" ſtrous, they can't perſuade us to em-
" brace. We Women, I confeſs, my
" Lord, are very unfit to engage in the
" elaborate Subtilties of Polemicks; we
" have

" have no Schools, no Academies, to
" poliſh, even that little Reaſon we
" poſſeſs, no Learning is beſtow'd on us,
" but what comes from Fellows who
" have no Notions of any Senſe, but
" what lies in the Heels, and there-
" fore engage on very unequal Terms,
" whenever we venture to oppoſe ſuch
" Gentlemen as you. But yet, your
" Lordſhip, methinks, has now ex-
" preſs'd your ſelf ſo widely diſtant,
" from what I cou'd not but ever think
" the Reſolves of the ſober Reaſon of all
" Mankind, that I can't paſs by this
" Opportunity of ſhowing my Diſſent
" from you. That Ingratitude, the
" blackeſt; the moſt hateful that ever
" Wretch was guilty of, and that yet,
" if poſſible, deeper dy'd by Adultery,
" ſhou'd be mention'd by your Lordſhip
" with ſo much Levity, even when you
" wou'd appear to be ſerious, gives me,
" I confeſs, the greateſt Aſtoniſhment.
" What Guilt? 'Tis ſtrange, 'tis very
" ſtrange, that this ſhou'd e'er be made
" a Queſtion. Wou'd you but take a-

" nother

" nother View of things, and a little
" turn the Scale, you'd wonder at your
" ſelf for making it; all that Varniſh and
" Paint of Words, with which, it at
" preſent ſeems ſo well gloſs'd, wou'd
" with abundance of eaſe be then ſeen
" through, and appear a Poor Umbrage
" to ſhade the baſeneſs that lurks there-
" in. Think what Thoughts you wou'd
" have of this, were you to take your
" Ladies part; how wou'd you (I am
" willing to ſpeak ſoftly) blame her In-
" conſtancy in the moſt paſſionate terms,
" and when you took a View of the
" Curs'd Ingratitude of him, who was
" the Partner of her Crime, what
" Names are there ſo juſtly reproach-
" ful, that you wou'd not load him
" withal. How wou'd it with Reaſon
" Incenſe you to have it ask'd, whether
" Heaven gave us Appetites, only to be
" reſtrain'd? And might not this with
" equal Reaſon be ſaid? Have not
" Women the ſame Appetites as Men?
" Our *Meſſalina*'s; nay, every common
" Proſtitute, too plainly ſpeak, what I
" wou'd

" wou'd otherwiſe willingly conceal in
" this Caſe; But wou'd this give you
" Satisfaction? No! then wou'd you
" urge, urge with the juſt Reſentment
" of one, whoſe Wrongs are not to be
" repair'd, that as Heaven gave us Ap-
" petites, it gave us Reaſon alſo to go-
" vern them; aggravate with the keen-
" eſt Energy; the Treachery, Perjury,
" and every other Odium, a Crime ſo
" foul carries with it. We Women, I
" confeſs, never gain'd much Reputa-
" tion by our Oratory; but this is a
" a Theme ſo natural, ſo very eaſy, that
" even a Woman can't want Elocution
" in in't: The Rage and Fury that
" Fires your Breaſt, when only a bare
" Suſpicion of this kind has enter'd, is
" what none can be Ignorant of: That
" Jealouſy, bare Jealouſy, is the Rage
" of Man, not only the Proverb, but
" all Hiſtory has prov'd; what ſhall we
" ſay then, when the Fact is open, and
" the raging Fury of the Mind, can no
" longer properly be call'd Jealouſy?
" Not only the Impetuous Fury of pri-
" vate

" vate Reſentment, but the Common
" Suffrage of the cooleſt and moſt deli-
" berate Reaſon of Mankind in gene-
" ral, gives the Anſwer; Adultery! is
" a Crime ſo hainous in the Eye of all
" Nations, that they have been at a loſs,
" what Puniſhment to allot it. I am
" not ſo well Vers'd in Theory to make
" particular Quotations; but when the
" Fact was flagrant, that the Perſons
" Convicted were to be Burnt, Ston'd,
" and put to ſeveral other, Violent and
" Ignominious Deaths, by the general
" and unconteſted Laws, not only of
" God, but of almoſt all the poliſh'd Nati-
" ons in the World, is a Truth, my ſmall
" Reading has made known to me. It
" is confeſs'd, it may be ſaid, notwith-
" ſtanding, they that made theſe Laws
" did not believe it a Crime, and when
" Gentlemen are reſolv'd to be ſo witty,
" who can anſwer them? This, we can
" ſay, he that denies the Sun to be a
" glorious Object, when at Noon it
" ſhines out in its full Luſtre, ought to
" be made to ſtare on it, 'till the Weak-
" neſs

" neſs of his Eyes, quite Baffles, the " Perverſeneſs of his Will. And we may " venture further to ſay, as long as thoſe " very Gentlemen are ſo ſenſibly touch'd " when they find what they ſo ſtrenu- " ouſly inculcated to others, turn'd up- " on themſelves, and that none are " readier at ſuch Times to exagerate " the Greatneſs of the Injury. As long " as the yet more cool and deliberate " Senſe of Mankind, continues to de- " clare it ſelf ſo warmly againſt it; and " *Laſtly*, as long as that innate Senſe " of Vertue, Honour, and Reaſon which " mov'd them thereto, bares any Sway in " the World; Adultery will be eſteem'd " a Guilt of the blackeſt, and moſt hate- " ful Nature.

"So that after all, the Crimes I fear'd, " are not ſo trifling and imaginary, as " your Lordſhip is pleas'd to repreſent " them: And tho' you wou'd ſeem to " draw this concluſion, even from the " Decree of Heaven it ſelf: Yet I can't " but obſerve the Senſe you are forc'd " for that purpoſe to fix thereon, is ſo

" apparently

" apparently ſtrain'd, and againſt the
" moſt evident experience of all Man-
" kind, that it carries its own Convicti-
" on along with it. He muſt have made
" very little Obſervation of the World,
" that does not know Licentiouſneſs of
" this kind, is Fruitful of nothing but
" Diſeaſes: And were People Univer-
" ſally to indulge themſelves therein,
" a very ſmall time wou'd diſplay the
" whole Earth as void of Inhabitants,
" as of Honour and Vertue: Nothing
" but wild Confuſion and brutal Fury,
" wou'd Ravage through the World,
" and all the moſt endearing Tyes of
" Nature, Blood, Kindred, Society and
" every thing elſe, that is truely engaging
" wou'd be miſerably trampl'd under
" Foot. And wou'd this be to fulfil the
" Commands of Heaven! Wou'd this
" be to repleniſh the Earth! Where
" wou'd be the endearing Names of
" Husband and Wife? Where the ve-
" nerable ones of Father and Mother,
" Brother and Siſter, with the nume-
" rous other happy Appellations, that

" now juſtly delight the World? What
" wou'd become of thoſe noble diſtinctı-
" ons of Blood and Quality, your Lord-
" ſhip, has ſuch particular Reaſon to
" glory in; or indeed of every other
" Diſtinction that is truely Praiſe wor-
" thy; if once, what you have ſo unhap-
" pily contended for, be receiv'd in the
" World? All wou'd be miſerably loſt,
" confounded and forgotten. Appe-
" tite wou'd reſume the Seat of Reaſon,
" and the wild Extravagances it wou'd
" inceſſantly run us into, wou'd debaſe
" us below the Beaſts that periſh. If
" this be the Courage, the Pleaſure,
" you recommend; may I ever be
" charg'd with Melancholly and Cow-
" ardice. If there be none magnani-
" mous, but ſuch as can brave Damna-
" tion, I ſhall never envy their Cou-
" rage. Whatever Pride ſome may take,
" being witty, above the ſober Reaſon
" of Mankind; and amuſing the World
" with their wild and novel Notions:
" For my Part, I had rather, as you
" love to call it, be hagg'd by the idle

" Superſti-

" Superſtition of the Mob; than by en-
" deavouring to advance the Reputati-
" on of my Parts, in the Methods you
" propoſe, get the Stamp of a Wit af-
" fixt to my Character. I can't eaſily
" forget, My Lord, how fatal this Sort
" of Vanity, prov'd to our firſt Parents.
" You ſhall be like Gods, was the Lan-
" guage of the Fiend, when his Deſign
" was to make them Devils. This is
" an old Bait, and therefore I wonder
" you did not ſo far reflect on the Origi-
" nal Smart, it gave us, as to think I'd
" be, however a little Cautious on that
" Score, how I ſwallow'd it a-freſh.
" No, My Lord! how great ſoever the
" Deſire of Knowledge may be in me,
" I'll never buy it at that Price. Be-
" ſides, wholly to be led by the Bent of
" a wild, and extravagant Apetite,
" ſeems, to me, as mean, and inglori-
" ous, as 'tis deteſtable and pernicious.
" 'Tis below the Reaſon of Man, and
" and is ſo far from raiſing his Genius,
" above the Reſt of his Species, that it
" meerly deſtroys all that's Noble, and

" Manly, in his Soul; and makes him
" the meaneſt, the vileſt Slave in the
" World. If the giving a Looſe to the
" moſt ignoble, irregular Deſires of hu-
" mane Nature, be a diſtinguiſhing
" Mark of our Senſe; not only the
" Scum, and Refuſe of Humanity, but
" the very Beaſts are upon the Level with
" us. Nay! upon your own Principles,
" they'd out-vie you; for as their Re-
" flection is leſs, their Guſt is ſtronger;
" they are void of thoſe bodeing Fears,
" which, as long as you are ſubject to
" the leaſt Sallies of Reaſon, muſt wrack
" your Breaſt: In ſpight of all your
" diſſembl'd Gaiety, ſomething gloomy
" will hang over your Souls; Debau-
" chery! will ever carry its own Ne-
" meſis along with it; and tho' its un-
" happy Proſelites may ſeem to ſwim in
" in continual Delight; yet there is al-
" ways ſome latent Wormwood, ever
" imbitters all their Enjoyments. They
" may talk indeed often, of, I know not
" what Romantic Sort of Felicity; but
" wou'd they be ingenious, I'm very
" ſure

" ſure, they muſt own (in all the Courſe
" of their Extravagancies) they never
" yet experienc'd it. No, nor never,
" never will; hunt after it they may,
" but will ever find it a fruitleſs Toil,
" Vexation, Remorſe, Diſappointment,
" Diſeaſes and Death, are what they
" are ſure to find; but Pleaſure, Satis-
" faction, are what will ever fly them.
" And ſo it muſt, it will ever be; Hap-
" pineſs! Satisfaction! is the peculiar
" Reward of Vertue; and he that ex-
" pects to find it any where elſe, only
" mocks his Reaſon, and wracks his
" Soul with Diſappointments. Heaven
" has decreed it ſo, and the Experience
" of all the World has prov'd it irrever-
" ſible. Do but try, My Lord; I'm
" ſure you'll bleſs your Choice, and me
" that prompt you to it. The Joy, the
" inward Complacency, that will in-
" ceſſantly regale your Breaſt, will be
" ſuch as can only be felt; no Words can
" reach it, 'tis ſomething ſo ſublime that
" it cannot be utter'd. You'll find it a
" Spring of Pleaſure, never to be exhau-

" ſted, free from that Satiety, that Sur-
" feit, that ever before us'd to pall your
" moſt abſtracted Enjoyments, and ſo
" far exempted from the bitter Stings
" that follow them; that you'll find it's
" very Way, a Way of Pleaſantneſs, and
" all its Paths are Peace. Ceaſe then any
" longer to purſue, the looſe Deſires of
" a baſe, and ignoble Appetite; and
" reſolve, for the future, to act up to the
" Dignity of your Reaſon and Cha-
" racter; make your ſelf but once ſen-
" ſible of the Bleſſings, Heaven has al-
" ready put into your Hands; and then
" you'll be ſatisfy'd, you need not go
" from Home for any ſort of Happineſs.
" Happineſs is an inbred Quality, and
" vainly ſought in any Thing, but the
" Reflections of a Mind untainted with
" Guilt. This, this alone, is a conti-
" nual Feaſt, and gives a Guſt to every
" Thing we do; and wou'd Your Lord-
" ſhip be perſuaded once to make the Ex-
" periment, it wou'd Crown your whole
" Life with more ſubſtantial Glories,
" than the greateſt Monarch on Earth,

" ever

" ever yet enjoy'd ; 'twou'd make you
" more than Conqueror, and fill your
" Soul with that juſt Contempt of your
" former, miſtaken Notions of Happi-
" neſs, as wou'd abundantly enhance
" the Satisfaction of your Mind, in the
" preſent Felicity you poſſeſs. A chear-
" ful Vigor wou'd diffuſe it ſelf through
" all your Veins, and the continual
" Soundneſs, and Health of your Body
" every Day give you freſh Evidences,
" of the Folly, as well as Miſery of the
" Luxurious. Then wou'd you be happily
" inform'd, that Love is a Paſſion of a pure
" and etherial Birth, not nurs'd by the
" Fumes of heated and diſtemper'd Blood;
" but altogether ſuſtain'd, by the ſweet
" Endearments of a happy and noble Har-
" mony of Souls : Experiment. Alone,
" in the winning Careſſes of your Lady's
" Beauty, and Inocence ; thoſe Plea-
" ſures, you ſo vainly ſought elſewhere.
" With her, you might truly wanton
" your Hours away, not only in ſoft,
" but inocent Delight. Delight ! wor-
" thy the Dignity, the Reaſon of hu-

" mane Nature; free, entirely free, from
" the bitter Alloy of Remorſe in Frui-
" tion, and the wracking Pains of a
" diſtemper'd Maſs of Blood in the
" Conſequence. Here you might, in
" Realty, be as free as Air, and un-
" confin'd as Thought; free from the
" vileſt Slavery in the World, that of
" an exorbitant, and ungovern'd Luſt;
" and abridg'd of nothing, but what
" wou'd ſurely make you miſerable.
" Let me therefore intreat you, by all
" that is great and ingenious, in hu-
" mane Nature, all that is noble, and
" generous in your Breaſt, by the Ino-
" cence, Beauty, and every other Charm,
" that ſo reſplendantly ſhines in your
" Lady, by all the ſacred Ties, both of
" Vows and Affection; you, and thoſe
" of Gratitude and Humanity, I lie
" under to her; by all the Hopes you
" have, of conveying your Name and
" Honours, to diſtant Poſterity; in
" fine, as you tender, either the Health
" of your Body, or Salvation of your
" Soul; be prevail'd on, henceforth

" ever

" ever to abandon ſuch mean ſuch ig-
" noble Deſires; and firmly reſolve, at
" once, to bleſs your ſelf, your Lady,
" Poſterity, and every Thing elſe, that
" is, or ought to be dear to you, with
" the pureſt, the moſt ſubſtantial Hap-
" pineſs of this Life; and live up to the
" not imaginary, licentious, but real
" Dignity of humane Nature.

Dorinda, here putting a Period to her Harangue, found the Scene quite revers'd in *Phylopones*. Thoſe mean, laſcivious Airs, that before took up his whole Countenance, now ſeem'd to give Way to ſomething more generous and Manly in his Soul, and every Look he gave her, evidently ſhow'd he was no longer able to bare up againſt her. So powerfully had, what ſhe had ſaid, impreſs'd his Soul; that he was no longer aſham'd to own himſelf entirely baffl'd; nay, he took a ſort of Pride in acknowledging her Conqueſt, and never thought he cou'd expatiate ſufficiently thereon. And indeed, ever after,

by all his Actions, ſo fully indicated the Sincerity of his Converſion, as entirely ſatisfy'd her, ſhe need fear no further Moleſtation from him. All his former irregular Paſſions, were now turn'd into the profoundeſt Deference, and Reſpect; and he was ſo far from making any further Attempts on her Modeſty, that he ever after treated, and ſpoke to her, as if ſhe had been ſomething more than humane.

Leaving *Dorinda* thus glorioufly triumphant over both the looſe Deſires and Principles of her young luſtful Antagoniſt; we'll now pay a Viſit to her old Friend *Panaretus*, who having now gone through the ſeveral Fatigues of a Campaign, naturally calls for our notice. To entertain you with the ſeveral Particulars of his Exploits in his Military Capacity, may be eſteem'd an invidious Detraction from the Performances of ſome, on whom the *Gazzet* has thought fitter to father them, and therefore, ſince he was only a private Captain, we

ſhall

ſhall venture only to tell you, that after he had diſtinguiſh'd his Courage in the moſt ſhocking Dangers of one Engagement, and two Sieges, he embark'd, and arriv'd ſafe at *Harwich*. At his landing, being welcom'd on Shore by ſome of his Comrades, with a pretty plentiful Glaſs, it caus'd him to be very late at Night, before he, and his Serjeant, who accompany'd him, ſet out for *London*, which he was now very deſirous of ſeeing, but a very odd Accident happening by the Way, conſiderably retarded his Journey.

They had not rode above half an Hour, but (the Night being exceeding dark, and their Heads ſomething fluſter'd with what they had drank) they found themſelves wholly loſt in their Way. How to ſet themſelves right again, they found wholly impoſſible; looking therefore round about them to ſee if they cou'd ſpy out any Houſe, after they had vainly rambl'd about a Quarter of an Hour longer, *Panaretus* ſpy'd,

ſpy'd, about half a Mile diſtant from them, the light of a Candle, whereupon he immediately commenc'd a Reſolution of making up to the Place where it was. The Confuſion they were both before in, and the Deſire they had of putting an End, for that Night, to their Journey, made them quickly get up to the Houſe, where they had at firſt deſcry'd the Candle, and having upon a nearer Scrutiny found it to be the Country-Seat of ſome Nobleman. *Panaretus* (finding they were like to be expos'd all Night to the Weather, unleſs he took up a Reſolution that was ſomething extraordinary) order'd his Serjeant to go and knock at the Door, and tell them their Caſe; bidding him further, if he cou'd, to prevail on them, to give them a Night's Lodging. *Will.* (for that was his Serjeant's Name) having receiv'd his Inſtructions, was not at all to ſeek in his Story. Going therefore to the Door, with that Aſſurance that had bore him out in many a worſe Brunt than this, very courageouſly

geouſly knocks thereat; upon which, having his Buſineſs demanded by the Porter, he told him, "He was a Ser-"vant of a Gentleman, who ſat hard "by on his Horſe, benighted; and was "come from him, to requeſt the Fa-"vour of his Lord, of a Night's Lodg-"ing. The Porter having receiv'd this Intelligence, immediately communicated it to another of his fellow Servants, in order to acquaint his Lord therewith, who being inform'd of *Panaretus*'s Deſire, inſtantly gave Orders he ſhou'd be kindly conducted in. *Will.* being inform'd of this, immediately went and told his Maſter the ſucceſs of his Embaſſy; and having convey'd him ſafe to the Door, left him to make his own Apology. *Panaretus* being conducted by one of the Footmen, into the Preſence of his Lord, immediately expreſs'd himſelf with that well-bred Gratitude, as made him not at all repent his Hoſpitality. The Night being too far ſpent to admit of much Converſe, after a ſhort Repaſt, *Panaretus* was conducted up

to

to an agreeable Lodging, where immediately unrigging, he was left, by his Attendant, free to take his Repoſe. In the Interim, his Man *Will.* was ſo fully taken up with telling his Fighting-Stories, and partaking of the Liberality of his Audience, the gaping Cook and Butler, that between Eating, Sucking, and Lying, he did not go to Bed all Night. But to return to his Maſter.

Panaretus having been in his Bed about half an Hour, plainly perceiv'd, from the next Room, which was only parted with a thin Partition, two Ladies talking together, and by his ſtrictly attending to the Sound. to his Aſtoniſhment, heard the following Words from one of them, *viz.* "I hope, Ma-"dam, you'll excuſe my Boldneſs, (ſince "we are neither of us inclin'd, at pre-"ſent, to ſleep) if I preſs you to pro-"ſecute the reſt of the Story, of what "paſs'd between you and *Panaretus.* I need not tell you, the hearing his own Name mention'd in a Place he was an utter Stranger to, gave his Ears a very

very rouzing Alarm. But let it ſuffice, to acquaint you, that no ſooner had he fix'd himſelf to give a ſteady Attentention to the Iſſue of theſe, at preſent, ſo very myſterious Expreſſions, but he cou'd plainly diſtinguiſh the Voice of *Dorinda* her ſelf, recounting all the Particulars of their Walk in the *Spring-Gardens*, with the Adventure with the *Frenchmen*, and *Phylaſtratus*, in the *Park*, *Play-Houſe*, &c. with all the particular Endearments that had paſs'd between them, to her coming there; with the manner of that, even to the minuteſt Circumſtance. A Diſcovery of this ſurprizing Nature, made *Panaretus* an utter ſtranger to Sleep: The kind Providence that had ſtrangely brought him hither to make it, was what he cou'd not but gratefully acknowledge; but that which abundantly more engag'd his Thanks to Almighty Goodneſs, was the care it had taken of *Dorinda* ſince his Abſence; this was a Reflection he cou'd not but largely deſcant upon; but before the ſeveral Tranſports of his

Soul

Soul cou'd ſettle into any thing like a Reſolution how to act, an Accident, if poſſible, more odd than any had yet happen'd, gave him freſh Amuſement.

Dorinda having, at Requeſt of Mrs. *Betty*, her Bed-fellow, finiſhed her Narrative, found her ſelf, on a ſudden, under ſuch an Indiſpoſition, as oblig'd her to riſe, and go into the Garden: Now at her return, *Panaretus*'s Room, being next to hers, having no Light, and his Door being open, through miſtake, ſhe went directly into his Room, and thinking ſhe was in her own, immediately got into Bed to *Panaretus*, and clung very cloſe to him, telling him, It was very cold. *Panaretus*, knowing by her Voice, it was *Dorinda*, who through miſtake was come into his Bed inſtead of her own, immediately embracing in his Arms, told her, "'Twas very kindly done of her, "indeed, to come and accompany a "poor Traveller ſo. *Dorinda* finding her ſelf in the Arms, (as ſhe thought) of a ſtrange Gentleman, was ſurpriz'd almoſt

almoſt to Diſtraction: She omitted no Words; no Tears, to move him to let her go, urging over and over the Unhappineſs of her Miſtake; largely inculcating how ungenerous 'twou'd be in him, to take the Advantages of it. *Panaretus*, for his Part, ſeem'd altogether inexorable; and, in fine, for half an Hour together, gabbl'd to her, all that his Wit and Fancy cou'd furniſh, offering, however, no violence to her, till finding her plead ſo hard, and grieve her ſelf ſo much, as he fear'd wou'd do her a Diskindneſs afterwards in her Health. He told her, "If ſhe wou'd "promiſe him One Thing, he wou'd "let her go. *Dorinda* ſeeing him a little inclin'd to treat, told him, ſhe'd comply with any thing that lay in her power, on that Condition, and therefore deſir'd him to make his Propoſal. "I am then, ſaid *Panaretus*, a young "Captain, juſt return'd from *Flanders*, "by my Induſtry in my Office I have "got about a Thouſand Pound, now "you need not be told how great a "ſtranger

" ſtranger you are to me; but if you " will conſent to be my wedded Wife, " I'll have you, let your Circumſtan- " ces be what they will. The Gene- " roſity of your Offer, ſaid *Dorinda*, is " what I cannot but acknowledge, but " muſt pardon me, if I tell you, your " Propoſal is what I can't poſſibly a- " gree with. I am engag'd already in " that kind, and therefore hope, on " that Conſideration, you'll excuſe me; " require any thing of me that is not " inconſiſtent with my Faith and Ho- " nour, and you ſhall find the moſt " ready Creature in the World to per- " form it. *Panaretus*, after he had ſeem'd to preſs his Propoſal on her with all the Earneſtneſs in the World; finding his detaining her, griev'd and perplex'd her exceedingly, with abundance of ſeeming Reluctancy, at laſt told her, " If ſhe'd promiſe to let him " ſee her in the Morning, he'd let her go. *Dorinda* return'd him abundance of Thanks for his Generoſity, and ſtrictly promiſing he ſhou'd ſee her next Morning,

ing, was diſmiſs'd by him from the moſt hateful Confinement, as ſhe then tho't, ſhe ever ſuſtain'd in her Life.

After ſhe had left him, ſhe immediately went to her old Bed-fellow, who had been in ſad pain for her ſo long abſence; but when ſhe came to be acquainted with the reaſon of it, was as much diverted. The Thoughts of her having been in Bed with a Man, convey'd ſo many pretty Ideas into Mrs. *Betty*'s Fancy, that ſhe knew not how to abandon them. *Dorinda*, indeed, told her Story in a very diſmal Accent; but, do what ſhe cou'd, ſhe cou'd, not prevail on her Aſſociate to pity her; nothing was to be got from her but Interrogatives, as, *What did he ſay then? How did he take it? Did not he ſeem angry?* and the like, till the whole Night was ſpent by them both, without a Wink of Sleep.

As to *Panaretus*, he, indeed, was upon the Level, with reſpect to Sleep; but,

but, however, ſpent his Time in more material Reflections. The unſhaken Conſtancy of *Dorinda* was what afforded him as much Delight, as the Thoughts of having light on her ſo very providentially: But that which yet made a more pleaſing Impreſſion of his Imagination, was the Thoughts of that pleaſing Surprize it wou'd give her when in the Morning ſhe came to know 'twas him ſhe was in Bed with. Having ſpun out the Time with theſe and the like Reflections; the Dawn of the Morning beginning to make conſiderable advances, he jump'd out of his Bed, and adjuſting his Military Habilements as well as he cou'd, poſted himſelf to a Window that look'd into the Garden, in order to ſee if he cou'd not ſpy *Dorinda* walking there, eaſily collecting ſhe wou'd not ſleep over-ſound that Night, no more than he. He had not been long at his Poſt, but, agreeable to his Conjecture, he ſpy'd a young Female tripping it along one of the Graſs-Plats, who was preſently follow'd by *Dorinda*;

da; for the Thoughts of what had paſt being too powerful on Mrs. *Betty*'s Fancy, to let her lie without kicking in her Bed; after ſome Perſuaſion, ſhe prevail'd on *Dorinda* to get up, and take a Walk in the Garden, in order to hear a yet fuller Account of the Night's-Adventure. No ſooner had *Panaretus* ſet his Eyes on her, but he was enflam'd with the moſt ardent Deſire of ſpeaking to her; ſallying therefore out of his Chamber, and tracing their Steps to the Garden-Door, he immediately proceeded to take a Circuit round the Garden, in order to give them the more ſurprize when they met him. Sculking therefore behind the Hedges, that they might not perceive him, before he had a mind, he had ſoon an Opportunity of popping upon them juſt at the turning of a Corner, which inſtantly embracing, at the very Juncture as they turn'd a Corner to go into another Path; he preſented himſelf before them, with all the Chearfulneſs imaginable, giving them both

both a *Good Morrow.* Mrs. *Betty*, whoſe Mind was before, by her Bed-fellows Story, altogether taken up in Contemplations on Man; ſeeing *Panaretus* a pretty young Fellow, was immediately ready to return his Compliment, with the uſual Pertneſs and Levity, that the Opinion ſhe had of her own Wit, and pretty Face, never fail'd to furniſh her with: But turning her ſelf to *Dorinda*, to her ſurprize, found her Task was rather to keep her from ſwooning, than to Dialogue it with him. For the ſo ſurprizing and unexpected ſight of *Panaretus*, had ſo powerfully lock'd up all her Senſes in Tranſport, that ſhe ſtood a conſiderable time unable to ſpeak a Word; but, at laſt, the Powers of her Soul having a little reſum'd their wonted regular Courſe, and the Organs of Speech the Capacity of Utterance; eagerly flinging her ſelf in his Arms, ſhe broke out in theſe Expreſſions. "Oh! "*Panaretus*, be thou a *Spectrum*, or what-"ever elſe the ſilly Vulgar do fright "themſelves withal. This I am ſure

"of,

" of, any Thing that bears a Form ſo " lovely as thine, can never be hurtful " to me: I will, I muſt embrace thee, " tho' the daring Act ſhou'd immedi- " ately ſtrike me dead. A *Spectrum!* Anſwer'd *Panaretus*, " No, no, believe " me, I'm Fleſh and Bones; and tho' " when you reflect on laſt Night's Ad- " venture, you'll be apt to conclude I " have not much Blood, yet, I can aſ- " ſure you, what I have is pure good, " and that's more than One young Fel- " low, that wears a Red-Coat, in Ten " can ſay. I ſhou'd ſpin theſe Papers out to a fine length, ſhou'd I here endeavour to recount all the Endearments, both in Words and Actions, that paſs'd between them. After therefore *Panaretus* had fully acquainted her with all the Particulars of his Adventures, ſince his Abſence; and droll'd on her, for telling in the Bed ſhe was engag'd to another; adding further, She need not tell him by what means ſhe came thither, becauſe he heard her fully recount them to the young Lady, her Bed-

Bed-fellow, as he lay in his Bed. Having ſpent an Hour or two in thus diverting her and himſelf, they agreed Mrs. *Betty* ſhou'd go and tell *Phylopones*, and his Lady, the happy News, that they alſo might bear a part in the Joy.

Phylopones, and his Lady, having, agreeable to this Reſolution, receiv'd a thorough Intelligence of the ſurprizing Particulars of what had paſs'd, from Mrs. *Betty*, immediately reſorted to the Arbour, where ſhe had left them, to congratulate their ſo happy and ſurpriſing Meeting. Nothing but univerſal Joy diſplay'd it ſelf in the Countenance of all the Houſe, on this Occaſion. *Phylopones* told them, He was reſolv'd they ſhou'd honour his Houſe with the Celebration of their Nuptials; and his Lady added, She ſhou'd lie with *Panaretus* once again, in the ſame Bed, and not plead her Engagements to any other. In ſhort, ſo ſtrange was their Importunity, and weak the Oppoſition our Lovers made thereto, that the very Day

was

was then fixt, wherein *Hymen* was to do his Part.

The ſo long wiſh'd for Conſummation of our Generous Pairs Happineſs, now making very near advances, *Panaretus* acquainted *Dorinda*, That he thought himſelf oblig'd to give his Father, and Friend *Phylaſtratus*, an Account of his Nuptials, and to invite the latter to them; to which ſhe immediately agreeing, enclos'd in a Letter to his Father, he ſent his Friend *Phylaſtratus* the following Lines, *viz.*

GENEROUS FRIEND,

I Doubt not it will ſtrangely ſurprize you, to find the firſt News you receive from me, at my return from a hazardous Campaign, an Invitation to my Wedding. But ſo it is, Heaven yet deſigns to make me happy, in the beſt Wife in the World: This Day Seven-night, therefore Dorinda *and I deſire your Company at the Celebration of our Nuptials. The aſtoniſhing*

Series of Providence, that has brought this about, the Bearer will fully inform you of. We both depend on your Company, and he that brings you this Paper, will conduct you to us. In the Interim we remain your affectionate Friends, and humble Servants,

Panaretus *and* Dorinda.

Panaretus having wrote theſe Two Letters, got leave of *Phylopones* to let one of his Footmen carry them to his Father, and Friend; and having given him full Inſtructions what to ſay to them both, diſmiſs'd him to proſecute his Meſſage.

The Diligence of our Courrier having ſoon convey'd the Letters into the Hands of the Perſons they were directed to: *Phylaſtratus* at once delighted and aſtoniſh'd at the News the Letter and its Bearer brought him, immediately prepar'd himſelf to follow his Guide. The Deſire he had of being preſent, at

ſo

ſo happy a Solemnity, gave Wings to his ſpeed, ſo that his ready Appearance put them quickly out of all Fears of wanting his Company.

Every Thing being thus happily adjuſted to the Wiſhes of our Couple, and the Morn now come, that was to give *Dorinda* the Name of *Bride*, with all the ſplendid Triumph of Love and Joy, ſhe was led to the Chappel, where that happy Union of Hearts and Souls, that had ſo long been commenc'd, between her, and her belov'd *Panaretus*, was publickly ratify'd by their joining Hands. The moſt enlarg'd Courteſie and Generoſity were exerted on this happy Occaſion, both by *Phylopones* and his Lady: They ſeem'd to emulate each other in the good Offices they did them; kept publick Feſtivities for their Nuptials ſeveral Days together; and ſo extraordinary was the Munificence thereof, in every Inſtance, that it rais'd the Admiration of all the Country round them.

Having thus liv'd under the happy Influences of their Noble Benefactors Generoſity, a full Month ſince their Marriage; the reciprocal Deſire they had of ſeeing their Native Abode, made them now begin to entreat, that they might return to *London*. Great was the Reluctancy was ſhown before this cou'd be granted; but *Panaretus* urging ſeveral Reaſons, that render'd it neceſſary. After the moſt ſolemn Aſſurances of Friendſhip, and mutual Correſpondence for the future, were given on both Sides, *Panaretus*, *Dorinda*, and *Phylaſtratus*, parted with them, and took their Journey directly to *London*.

The News of *Panaretus* and *Dorinda*'s ſo happy and ſurprizing Marriage having reach'd the Ears of *Vulpone*, before they arriv'd: He no ſooner reflected on his former Deportment, but was alarm'd with a thouſand perplexing Fears. The Thoughts of having to do with an injur'd and incens'd Lawyer,

Lawyer, run him into Convulſions: Tho' he cou'd very willingly, without ſo much as making a wry Face, have before ſwallow'd all that he had of *Dorinda*'s, yet now he was willing to be very honeſt; the Scene was quite chang'd, and the fear of paying a long Bill of Charges, made him the moſt tractable Creature in the World. He had an utter Averſion to all Writings but *Bonds*, and they too very little delighted him, without they bore the Intereſt of *Thirty per Cent.* Under theſe terrible Apprehenſions therefore, he immediately reſolves, and accordingly goes to *Panaretus*'s Father, freely offering to come to account, and refund what he had of *Dorinda*'s; entreating him, with all the ſervile Meaneſs of an alarm'd and frighten'd Avarice, to prevail on his Son, not to put him to any Charges in Law; which, being immediately comply'd with, *Panaretus* was no ſooner come, but, amongſt other Things, had the Diverſion to find what a Fright he had put his old Antagoniſt in; and that he had

had anticipated even his asking for that, he thought he muſt have been forc'd to contend very warmly for.

Having thus fully ſettled all their Affairs, without the leaſt Interruption, they retir'd to a convenient Country-Seat, not above five Miles diſtant from *London*; more fully to proſecute thoſe rais'd Enjoyments, which are the peculiar Bleſſing of a chaſt and regular Affection. Many were the Years they paſs'd together, each being crown'd with Heaven's diſtinguiſhing Favours: Happy, very happy the Iſſue of their Bodies; and, in ſhort, every Inſtance of their Lives was a glorious Demonſtration, *That Happineſs, real ſubſtantial Happineſs, is only to be found in* Innocence *and* Vertue.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

PAGE 133. line 7. for ſeem'd to turn. read *return*. P. 176. l. 21. add *before*. p. 177. l. 7. add *be*. p. 178. l. 13. for and Folly. read *my Folly*. p. 170. for ſcandalous. read *Scandal*. p. 223. l. 10. for Debauch. read *Debauche*. p. 154. l. 19. for Young *Sycophanta*. read *Young* Harpie. p. 259. l. 2. for tho't. read *thought*. p. 260. l. 7. for of. r. *on*.